

The Saturday Review

of LITERATURE

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME I

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1924

NUMBER 20

Caveat Emptor

MORE needs to be said of the news-stand. It is the peep hole of the contemporary intellect.

Standing six feet away, we look at rows of conventional pictures like band carving on an Egyptian tomb. They are, in fact, picture writing and spell a primitive message by hieroglyphs. The young girl's figure repeated with variants tells us crudely that youth is desirable; the plump baby hieroglyphs say that infancy is sweet; the semi-nude designs announce that woman's neck and arms are beautiful; the ragged boy symbols remind us of happiness. It is a picture language, and if we had the Egyptians' sense of symbols and the Egyptians' craft, word writing might be dispensed with, even in the advertisements.

Not yet, however. Closer peeping reveals an amazing literature. Here are magazines devoted to what the text calls physical culture and the illustrations reveal as the nude. Beside them, scandal winds like a snake through a dozen periodicals containing vulgar revelations said to be true and vicious desires imperfectly realized. This crude imitation of realism is shot through with mawkish indecency and charged with suggestion to the bursting point. The plain-spoken problem play is heavily moral by comparison. But the writers of this garbage never go beyond suggestion, and are careful not to call a spade a spade. They are pre-censored by experts in the law.

Mixed with this bastard realism is its opposite, wild west romance, naive, robustious, and as healthy as a painted Santa Claus in a department store window. Hieroglyphic cowboys tirelessly perform for the sedentary, mimicking strenuous life as the gladiators mimicked war for effeminate Romans. Next, like a smear of cosmetics, come the luxury magazines: how to be beautiful, how to be superior, how to be snug. And with them the self-help periodicals: how to be rich easily, how to double your salary, how not to be a failure. These are stuffed with pseudo-psychology, bending that noble science into quack methods for making a two-by four brain accomplish twice its weight.

Amid this fancy dress ball of the pettier emotions are curious contrasts: severe intellectual weeklies, hearthside companions badly printed for crude and homely people, dignified monthlies looking a little shocked, literary reviews (perhaps this one) cocking a frightened eye at their neighbors, economic journals unaware that they have neighbors, funny papers trying unsuccessfully to outblare the congenitally vulgar, a religious weekly, a deckle-edged pamphlet of unrefined verse.

Nine-tenths of this news-stand is palpable bunkum—some of it honest, good-natured bunkum, written by wise ones who know that life needs a little hokum to keep it sweet; the rest sneaking or scurrilous or impudent bunk.

"What does it all mean, poet?" Why everything, or nothing. This is just the heterogeneous mind of such a populace as great populations have always bred. There is nothing new in its vice or in its virtue except that both in printed form cost less than ever before. There is nothing strange in its confusion of values, nothing surprising in its insistent exaltation of comfort, curiosity, ambition, and lust. Man in the mass is always like that. The alternative would be a herd of standardized machines, grammatical and habitual and colorless, out of which no strong desire, no rebellion, no impatient hope could ever come. Better a lively slum than an eventless factory village. Better blatant vulgarity than respectable nothingness.

On the Alexandrine Line

By GEORGE MEASON WHICHER

GREAT Alexander and his phalanxes are dust,
And dust his works along the grass-grown
roads of fame.

Some æons hence, perchance, men scraping off the rust

Will nod: "Ah, yes; he gave that queer long line
its name."

I love the full roll of that Alexandrine line—

The Tennysonian wash of Australasian seas.

Pope's wounded snake's slow length, as irony, is fine;

But still these tall six-footers never fail to please.

Then, Critics, do not lift at me superior eyes,

Finding one fault the more at which to be annoyed;

Nor, Gentle Reader (if any), need you feel surprise

When my pentametric symmetry is destroyed.

For so one fountain's laughing jet is loftier thrown;

Star-ward, above the grove, some cypress towers
alone.

Some Thoughts on Criticism

By JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY.

IT was very little more than a hundred years ago—one hundred and five, to be exact—that Keats seriously pondered whether he should not give up poetry, and use the few pounds that remained to him in qualifying as a physician in Edinburgh. Taking fees, he said, was not so bad as "writing poems to be hung up and fly-blown on the review-shambles." *The Quarterly* had just killed "Endymion," pole-axed it; and though Keats was facing far worse miseries than that early in 1819, the knocking on the head for ever of his chance of becoming a successful poet had its effect upon him. Such things do.

That could not happen today. One begins to rub one's hands. No review in any newspaper or magazine in England could kill a book outright today. But, on a second thought, the rush of complacency is checked. No young man in England today, if he had only the thousandth part of Keats's magnificent sense of reality, would ever dream that he might make an income out of "Endymion." Keats and Keats's friends, some of them practical journalists, some of them men of the world, really believed that "Endymion" might make him: and the strange thing is that in those days it really might have made him. Taylor, his publisher, was a kind man; but he was a publisher: yet he must have given Keats the best part of £100 for "Endymion," and even when it had been killed he was willing to give another £100 for the next.

That also could not happen today. And those two impossibilities are the measure of the change that has come over English literature in a hundred years. Interest in literature a hundred years ago was intensely concentrated. The world of readers and writers was a small one, but one more vividly alive, more conscious of its responsibility than its diffuse and indifferent counterpart today. A modern Croker would not think a modern Keats worth a single thought, much less a deliberate *coup de grace*; and if literary criticism was crudely and violently political in its inspiration, that was largely due to the conviction that literature was as important as politics, and somehow related to it. Very much the same condition of things, based on the same instinctive conviction, prevailed in criticism in Russia right up to the Revolution; in a still cruder form, I suppose it prevails there today.

We are fond of congratulating ourselves that the bad old *Quarterly* days are over. It is a form of the old and ineradicable trick of believing that Progress progresses, as it were by its momentum. (Yet the trick cannot be so very old: the notion of Progress is a quite modern invention—about as old as the spinning jenny.) We think we have made an advance because criticism is now, as we say, disinterested. Disinterested or uninterested, I wonder? Not that I would imply that the modern critic lacks interest in what he is doing; I mean simply that he, like everybody else, acquiesces in the notion that literature really is cut off from the main concerns of life. Essentially, it amuses or it fails to amuse; fundamentally, it is a diversion.

Not so in the bad old days of the *Quarterly*. Gifford and Croker may have felt it confusedly, but they certainly did feel that if "Endymion" was right then the Tory party was wrong, and if such things as "Endymion" were to prevail then the Tories would go under. And it seems to me they were substantially right, and that their philosophy, by which they were moved to pole-axe the finest poem ever written by a boy of twenty-one, was a

This Week

	PAGE
Colcord's "Roll and Go."	
Reviewed by Capt. Felix Riesenber	374
Abdullah's "Shackled." Reviewed by W. Frank	375
Timmerman's "Pallier."	
Reviewed by Suzanne La Follette	375
"Porto Bello Gold," by A. D. Howden Smith	
Reviewed by John Carter	375
"Laura," by Ethel Sidgwick.	
Reviewed by Louis Bromfield	376
Barrie's "Mary Rose,"	
Reviewed by H. M. Walbrook	376
"Woodrow Wilson," by William Allen White.	
Reviewed by Sir A. Maurice Low	377
Kammerer's "Inheritance of Acquired Characteristics." Reviewed by Julian S. Huxley	377
Munro's "Personality in Politics."	
Reviewed by Whitney N. Seymour	378
Ward's "Twisted Tales."	
Reviewed by Margaret Widdemer	379
The Bowling Green. By Christopher Morley	379
Departments	380-392

Next Week, and Later

"Lord Rayleigh." Reviewed by Sir Oliver Lodge.
The Sea in Literature. By Frank V. Morley.

Published by Time Incorporated,
Publishers of TIME,
The Weekly News-Magazine

If these are the growing pains and thrills of a populace on the way to become civilized, this way-side show case signifies nothing untoward. But if this insolent exploitation of the commonplace mind by easy satisfactions, cheap excitements, and extravagant promises, is trying to be our civilization—well, that may cause reflection!

The cultural powers that be—universities too contemptuous of the popular intellect to explain their sciences, schools which breed the crowds that patronize the news-stands, foundations busy with curing the body and regularizing the mind while the imagination feeds on rubbish, somnolent academies meeting to declare that all is well with literature since someone has written the proper kind of a book—the cultural powers that be never stop before a news-stand. Yet it may blow them—gowns, endowments, chairs, ideals, and decorums to the darkness of the lunar paradise. And while we could make new powers should they leave us, a news-stand world would be a ghastly place! *Caveat emptor.*

better and truer philosophy than the sentimentalism which would have had them be kind to genius because it was genius. All the more reason why they should pole-axe it: so they hit hard and quickly. *Actum erat.*

Since then a century of Progress has supervened. Now we are kind to genius, if we have any, for the simple reason that we know he could not be dangerous. Who, nowadays, would dream of smiting Mr. D. H. Lawrence with a rod of iron? It is quite safe to praise him because he is not to be taken seriously, simply because he can have no serious effect. Yet Mr. D. H. Lawrence is as subversive as Rousseau, and he has all Rousseau's power. One might say of him as Joubert said of Jean-Jacques: "Lawrence alone has the power to detach you from religion: and religion alone can cure you of Lawrence." One might say it, but would not. Because it would not be true. Joubert belongs to the *Quarterly* days. In these the *Morning Post* can safely be as kind to Lawrence as I am.

The fact of the matter, as I see it, is that we are caught, hopelessly caught and involved, in a period of transition. In this period of transition literature is, in fact, not important to life: because it is not regarded as important. Inevitably criticism is condemned to the purely æsthetic judgment. Unfortunately, there is no such thing. The idea was invented by a generation which had to make the best of a bad job; it had to accommodate itself to the fact that nobody really cared a rap about literature. So criticism, immaculately and elegantly aloof, went over bodily to the people who did not care a rap about it. Nothing is more comforting to the philistine than to be told that literature is an intricate affair of æsthetics, about which he had better not bother his head. On those terms he is amenable to quite a lot of book-buying and picture-collecting.

Poor Matthew Arnold died forlornly, trying to hold the bridge, with "Criticism of Life" on his banner. He was a lonely and pathetic and heroic figure, with his heart torn between "Wragg is in custody" and the futile felicity of "The Scholar Gipsy." I admire him: he was at least next door to being a great man, and he knew the cause of the trouble.

Wandering between two worlds, one born,
The other powerless to be born,
With nowhere yet to rest my head,
Like these on earth I wait forlorn.

When he had departed, the æsthetes swept over the bridge. Matthew Arnold's place is taken by Mr. Bernard Shaw, a man of greater talent and a firmer hold of less important truths, who is more passionately certain than Matthew Arnold that literature is important to life, but far less certain than Arnold as to what is literature, to the extent that he believes that Keats might have become a great man had he grown up into a William Morris. I should say the truth is that the first book of that "Endymion" which the *Quarterly* pole-axed has been already of more worth to humanity than all that Morris wrote, did, or was.

It is an unholy mess. The men who believe literature is important to life do not know what literature is, and those who do not believe it is important cannot know what it is. That is the chief reason why in these days Thomas Hardy is like "a great seamount, standing every flaw." The truth of the matter is in him: he has gone on creating to the last. Probably he has never worried his head whether literature was or was not important. At all events, if he did, he put the thought aside, knowing that his business was not to mend the world, but to help men to mend themselves by learning to face the truth. But criticism cannot spend its time contemplating Thomas Hardy, though there are moments when one critic at least would like to. It has to get on with its job.

And that job, as one man sees it, is Herculean, probably impossible. It is to dig resolutely into fundamentals and show *precisely* why and how literature is important to life; to show that literature begins to be fully itself when religion begins to fail; to show that it is not the faintest good to have toppled over the old Gods if they are to be replaced by Progress and Biology and what not—the old Gods were true, the new ones are a demonstrable lie; to show that since you will not have religion you *must* have literature or your soul will perish; to show that if you must have literature then it must be pure and veritable literature and to show what pure and veritable literature really is—to show these and a thousand things besides is the business of criticism today, and to show them to people who believe not only

that literature is unimportant but that criticism is the least important of all kinds of literature. It is a fantastic task; but only the fantastic tasks are truly compelling.

"Artemus, the Delicious"

ARTEMUS WARD. SELECTED WORKS.

Edited by ALBERT JAY NOCK. New York: Albert & Charles Boni. 1924. \$2.

Reviewed by STANLEY WILLIAMS
Yale University

HERE once more is "Artemus, the delicious," as Charles Reade called Charles Farrar Browne. It is strange to have Artemus Ward so accessible, as he is in this neat volume of selections, with its clear type and adequate introduction. I am not sure that this is the best way to meet the funny man from Baldinsvillins, Injianny, but it is surely the way to keep him at hand, and to bless his memory. Rather let us first stray upon the early editions of Browne in the library with their dim cuts of the showman and his wax "figgers," or receive a copy of him, with many a chuckle, from some venerable appreciator who heard him lecture, and can quote from his reminiscence "At the Tomb of Shakespeare": "Mr. Punch—My Dear Sir—I've been lingerin' by the Tomb of lamented Shakespeare. It is a success. I do not hesitate to pronounce it as such."

Two virtues are necessarily gone out of Browne in the present volume: the virtue which escapes from all old humor, like the bubbles from champagne; and the sound of his voice. We cannot hear him speak these drolleries, and no one who knows the old stories of Artemus can question this loss. We must not be deceived, like his first readers, into imagining him a sharp eyed, old Yankee gentleman, who read his jokes knowingly, with the twang of a Maine village. On the contrary, he was a prepossessing young man in evening dress who recited these absurdities without ostentation, speaking always in a quiet manner, and in a somewhat wistful and melancholy tone. Occasionally as his audience burst forth into laughter, a pained expression crossed his face, as if he had been rudely interrupted. In his Lecture on the Mormons, with which, in 1866, he vanquished British gravity, he succeeded in disappointing some earnest souls who had intended to make a study of this great American religion. It is a scene most of us would like to have beheld. Browne's illustrative material seemed slight, and he sometimes left the rostrum to tinker with the moon, which refused to shine refulgently upon the Great Salt Lake. He apologized; said he was "a man short"; and offered eagerly "to pay a good salary to any respectable boy of good parentage and education who is a good moonist." Suddenly England understood that this was American humor. Have they not felt more kindly towards us ever since that tour of Artemus Ward? All this has faded into the darkness. Doubtless somewhere the quiet voice tells jokes to Aristophanes.

What is left, however, is still a fantastical banquet. We have the cacography and other verbal gymnastics, such as Artemus's exclamations when the seventeen Mormon wives offer themselves to him. "They said, 'Dost not like us?' I said, 'I doth. I doth.' I also said, 'Hope your intentions are honorable, as I am a lone child—my parents being far, far away.' They then said, 'Wilt not marry us?' I said, 'O, no, it cannot was.'" All this is rather dusty, but the audacity or surprise, which American humor has always claimed particularly for itself, is in many of these passages. A list might be made of Ward's technical variations of age-old devices of non-sequiturs, bulls, diminuendos, or assumed naïveté. Of course, we weary of such antics, but this sort of thing is not a tithe of the sustenance to be found in the showman.

For we have not read far before we pause not over the wit, but over the wisdom. In the preface Mr. Nock quotes a passage which lets us pass the outer barrier of Browne's buffoonery. On his visit to Richmond at the close of the war: "I met a man today—I am not at liberty to tell his name—but he is an old and infloential citizen of Richmond, and sez he, 'Why! We've bin fightin' agin the Old Flag! Lor' bless me, how sing'lar!' He then borred five dollars of me and bust into a flood of tears." He is ridiculing the fringes of patriotism.

Similarly he ridicules the pompous, the canting, the sentimental, the cowardly, and, above all, the insincere. It is amazing when we consider his trade of humorist and his keenness that he never, I believe, once wanders into the faintest mood of cynicism. He was sincere, and he was the friend of the sincere, but he was never bitter at insincerity—only amused and somewhat pitying. John Drinkwater's reconstruction of Lincoln's reading Artemus Ward to his cabinet is admirable: the slow, honest voice drawing out common-sense to the intense, ambitious politicians.

It is obvious that the editors of this book take Artemus Ward seriously. They include far more than the fodder in anthologies, and we are grateful for such bits as Ward's satires on novels and his humorous accounts of plays. As the sparkle of his wit dims, we grow thoughtful about Browne. This printer, this journalist, this editor, who died in youth, at the age of thirty-three, looked deeply into the confusion of his age. Yet one can overdo, in the reaction, the significance of Artemus Ward as a critic of society—for this he really was. Mr. Nock's stimulating preface, I incline to think, over-emphasizes slightly Browne as a consistently deliberate critic of life. This I choose to believe he was not. He was a gifted and original humorist, and his sincere criticism of his time was an indirect product of his sound and sweet nature.

"Blow the Man Down"

ROLL AND GO: Songs of American Sailormen.
By JOANNA C. COLCORD. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1924. \$5.

Reviewed by Capt. FELIX RIESENBERG

HAVE you ever heard the haunting tune of "Blow the Man Down?" Do you know the jolly rollicking lilt of Johnny Boker?

Do my Johnny Bo-o-ker, Come a rock and roll me o-ver,
Do my Johnny Bo-ker Do!

At last, Joanna Colcord, the daughter of an American deep water shipmaster, the late Captain Lincoln Alden Colcord, has brought together the great sea shanties, the immortal songs of sea labor; ribald, roaring tunes, hearty and whole winded. If ever a job was worth doing, it is here, in "Roll and Go," and if ever a seamanlike piece of work has been produced it is this. One need not be a seasoned salt to get the thrill from a shantey. The music, as well as the words, are given, and the method of rendition is simple.

Born at sea, in the cabin of her father's ship, in the South Sea Islands, and having spent at least half of the first eighteen years of her life at sea, in the China trade, endows the author with more than her share of the spirit of the great period of romance and song at sea. It was also a hard period, a time of rough men, roughly handled, on voyages of epic proportions. The shanteys, of which this is the first American collection of adequate extent, reached their highest development in the American clippers, and in the latter day of the medium clipper when the wooden ships of Maine held their own, in the long voyage trades, against the world.

Every shantey the writer has ever heard, and he has heard many, is represented in "Roll and Go," and others, unknown to him, are included and his regret is keen that he has not heard them sung by sailors. The book is satisfying in its comment on the songs, and in its true classification of the "short drag" and the "haliard" or "Long haul" shanties, and the "windlass shanties" such as "Sally Brown."

Take names like "Whiskey Johnny," "Shenandoah," "Stormalong," and "Leave Her Johnny" ("It's Time for Us to Leave Her"), and where, on land, will you find such music? It took years of time and league upon league of storm-swept sea, with humming ropes and taut canvas, to produce the breed of men who made the sea songs of the past.

Perhaps "Roll and Go" will stimulate the phonograph record makers to the point where some of the great shanties will be preserved in that form. Sailor's Snug Harbor still holds a few authentic shantey singers. The book should find a host of friends.

Not the least admirable part of the book is the introduction by Lincoln Colcord, and the illustrations of the ships upon which the shanteys were sung. Miss Colcord, in an illuminating foreword, writes an essay on the shantey which is quite the best thing of its kind I have ever seen.

he
n-
of
ve,
m.
n-
ly
r's
ard
ice
ous

ke
ore
ful
his
his
th,
on-
re-
itic
k's
ha-
ate
ot.
in-
of

en.
obs-

of
ow
er?
ver;

an
tain
the
oor;
If
Roll
has
sea-
The
the

, in
half
the
her
ance
time
epic
the
ched
pers,
when
the

d he
Go,"
his
g by
t on
hort
ties,
vn,"
man-
any"
on
s of
sea,
e the
past.
ono-
f the
ormi.
entic
t of

the
stra-
ung.
rites
thing

SHAC
York

T

a Tunis
written
subtly a
spirit f
geograph
This no
of Mr.
author h
tale-bea
satisfact
neither
dervishes
beholdin
in appra
him: ne
but legi
discover

Achm
of forei
people.
truth: th
a maple
in a sack
of a de
Korma
modern
tion. I
Madani?
palace; i
in a sha
the Sha
Allah—
whom a
dervish s
before t

The i
employe
French
Tharauc
Achmed
ter than
due to
mersion
swift vi
narrative
speak sh
should s
Saharan
vective
method
occasion
the vigo

On t
consisten
this, too
gleam, l
is Islam
rapture,
Oneness

Mr.
of this v
that hi
There i
on. An
home in
know i
as he re
name o
rightly
Here, h

We
aristocr
these Je
like gro
heritage
roes an
devotee
still los
childish
slave o
cestor,
write."
an unb
must h

At Home in Africa

SHACKLED. By AHMED ABDULLAH. New York: Brentano's. 1924. \$2.

Reviewed by WALDO FRANK

THE outstanding excellence of this work is perhaps not of a purely literary nature. It is the story of the life of noble Moslems in a Tunisian town on the edge of the Sahara. It is written in English. And yet it is written very subtly as from the inside of a world more remote in spirit from the world of our tongue than such geographically extremer worlds as India or China. This novel does not reveal an artist of the stature of Mr. Kipling, of Hudson, or of Conrad. But its author has one palpable superiority over all of these tale-bearers of outlandish peoples for the ease and satisfaction of provincial Europe: Ahmed Abdullah neither patronises nor romanticises his Shareefs and dervishes. He is overcome neither by wonder in beholding them, nor by amazement at his own values in appraising theirs. They are just "humans" to him: neither exotic nor drab for extrinsic reasons, but legitimate stuffs for the artist who is bent on discovering beauty in the usual world.

Achmed Abdullah writes neither as a foreigner, of foreign lands, nor as a native, showing off his people. He accepts an obvious but almost inaccessible truth: that in Africa a palm-tree is as common as a maple in New Hampshire, that a burnoos in Tunis is a sack-suit in Boston. In this spirit, he tells a tale of a descendant of the Prophet: a Shareef of el-Korma progressively undone by the invasion of the modern world in the form of the French occupation. Like fate, disaster creeps upon Mustaffa Madani's heart. It robs him of his mouldering palace; it looses his daughter from the bonds of caste, in a shameful marriage: and at the end, it breaks the Shareef's pride, flinging him into the lap of Allah—specifically making of him a dervish, one in whom all claims of blood are sacrificed. For the dervish symbol is the endless whirling atomic dance, before the immobility of God.

The immediate field covered by the story has been employed by Maurice Barrès for the making of his French parables, and by his disciples, the brothers Tharaud, for purposes of Imperial sentiment. Achmed Abdullah is not a master, but he writes better than *les frères Tharaud*. His book—whether due to the blood in his veins or to a sensitive immersion in his theme—has some of the lapidic, sheer, swift virtue of the Arab. The book is short: the narrative is so rigorously stylized, that its flaws speak sharply. One is shocked in this tale that should stand bright like a marabout's tomb in the Saharan sands, to find sudden bursts of personal invective against European culture. And since the method is that of direct, imagistic presentation, the occasional lapses into indirection distastefully dilute the vigor of the draught.

* * *

On the whole, however, the book is lucid and consistent. The characters are sparsely limned—this, too, is a tradition of Arab letters—and they gleam, hard and ruthlessly real, within a matrix that is Islam: a mingling of animal impulse and spiritual rapture, a wedding of the flesh with the brooding Oneness of the long light Desert.

Mr. Abdullah writes indeed as from the inside of this world. But he does not convince the reviewer that his familiarity holds great understanding. There is a distinction here which needs no dwelling on. An American writer, for instance, may be at home in writing of his land, and yet not deeply know it. Questions arose in the reviewer's mind as he read on: questions that spoke humbly, since the name of the author—if it is his name—would rightly impose his better knowledge of things Islamic. Here, however, are one or two of them:

We read: "To Gouthia's inherited, mediaeval, aristocratic reasoning, knowledge was a specialty of these Jews and Christians who had overrun the land like greedy, noisy locusts." Is this attitude the heritage of the Shareefian culture? What of Averroes and his myriad school? Were not the Arabs devotees of pure knowledge while the Jews were still lost in commentation, and the Christians in the childish categories of Saint Isidore? Again, the slave of Gouthia is made to say: "Your own ancestor, the Prophet Mohammed, could read and write." Is not this the statement of a heretic or of an unbeliever? We feel certain that the Prophet must have read widely in the Jewish and Christian

scriptures ere he produced the potpourri of the Koran. But the Moslem tradition is, that he was illiterate: the Angel Gabriel from time to time brought him a chapter of his Book and graved it in his brain, so that from memory he was able to dictate it to his disciples.

But such matters cannot deprive of its claim to unusual competence a book with lines like these:

The desert was all about her, coiling the spell of its molten, golden gyves; huge, unfathomable, sterile; yet, somehow, charged to the brim with life—life watching, waiting, hiding behind the yellow, shifting ramparts of apparent desolation.

A Pastoral Symphony

PALLIETER. By FELIX TIMMERMANS. New York: Harper & Bros. 1924. \$2.50.

Reviewed by SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE

THIS book which C. B. Bodde has translated from the Flemish of Felix Timmermans, is a sort of pastoral symphony, with the four seasons for the movements and the leading character as a connecting theme expressing man's joy in the beauty of the earth and in its rich gifts. It is the story of a year in the life of a Flemish farmer; not, one imagines, of the average Flemish farmer, but rather of an ideal one who embodies



A drawing by Ivan Opffer of Robert Frost who has this year resumed his connection with the University of Michigan.

the robust joy of living, the fun-loving spirit, the deep attachment to its native soil, of the whole Flemish race. In the life pictured by Timmermans there are no psychological problems, no worries over ways and means; the earth is bountiful and man is uncomplex, accepting its gifts with open hands and thankful heart. Even the cripples and the blind men of the convent-almshouse fail, somehow, to remind one very forcibly of the misery and injustice of this world, for they pass through the story almost unnoticed, a single dull thread in the gay-colored web of this rural life.

The author of "Pallierter" is a colorist. If one wishes to classify his work it is not to literature that one should go; one should go back three hundred years to the Flemish painters. He is of the line of Rubens and Jordaens and the brothers Van Eyck. He sees the many-colored landscape of Flanders with the eye of a painter, and in his book he pictures all the changing moods of all the seasons. His pen is like a painter's brush which he dips into the living colors of the beautiful Netherlands and splashes them in all their glory over every page. The richness of his palette and the swiftness of his stroke remind one of Rubens, but the minuteness with which he records his observation makes one

think of "The Adoration of the Lamb," hanging in its little chapel not many miles from the scenes he describes.

But perhaps it is to old Pieter Breughel, the father of Flemish *genre* painting, that Timmermans is most closely related; Pieter Breughel, a happy seeker like Pallierter, who covered the pages of his notebook with humorous sketches of the Flemish folk in all the moods and actions of their daily life, who lovingly reproduced the picturesque, watery Flemish landscape and filled it with hundreds of little figures—children playing games, reapers gathering in the harvest, farmers gorging themselves at table until "the sweat ran off their faces and dripped on to the food." There is not a scene in "Pallierter" that Breughel has not described with brush or pencil, four hundred years ago. Who can read of the impromptu merry-making of Pallierter and Fransoo with the reapers, without thinking of his "Month of July" which hangs in the Metropolitan museum? Who can read of the wedding feast of Pallierter and Marieke without thinking of his "Peasant Wedding"? Who can watch with Pallierter the thrilling progression of the seasons without being reminded of Breughel's magnificent series of paintings on that very theme?

But if one must turn back to the painters in order to classify this book and author, one need not do so in order to enjoy them. There is great pleasure to be had in reading this record of Flemish peasant-life, a life which appears to have changed very little in four hundred years; a life of labor, of picturesque religious practices, and, of course, hearty fun-making. Pallierter, the *Dagenmelker*, who lives to enjoy life, is of the same stuff as the mischief-making Ulenspiegel. The distinguishing quality of this race seems to be a healthy exuberance, like the exuberance of the fertile soil to which it clings. It is glad to be alive and to ask itself no troublesome questions about the why of things. "Philosophy," says Pallierter, "is not found in books, but in living." The spirit of this saying permeates Timmermans's book. To live, to enjoy each day, the warmth of the sun, the color and music of the earth, this is the wisdom of Pallierter. It may seem over-optimistic to those of us who are too far divorced from Earth to have the strength and simple faith that come from living in close contact with her; who have our eyes, rather, constantly fixed on the social tragedy that springs from this very separation of man from the land which yields him sustenance. Perhaps, however, our preoccupation makes it unwise for us to attempt to judge "Pallierter." Perhaps our wisest course is to take our cue from Pallierter himself, and simply to enjoy it.

In the Wake of Stevenson

PORTO BELLO GOLD. By A. D. HOWDEN SMITH. New York: Brentano's. 1924. \$2.

Reviewed by JOHN CARTER

ONE of the most congenial writers of adventure stories has found the courage to write a pirate story that is also a deliberate attempt to add to the sum of known literature. "Porto Bello Gold" is, among other things, a prelude to Robert Louis Stevenson's evergreen "Treasure Island." The "other things"—a good plot, plenty of gory action, a set of original and dynamic characters, and a properly subdued but very charming love story—are sufficient in themselves to give the author claim to the easy title of "the American John Buchan," and constitute a substantial addition to his own enviable reputation as an independent writer of virile, roaring tales.

However, as Mr. Smith has deliberately chosen to let this paper boat of his ride "like a cockboat in the wake of the British man-of-war," it is pertinent to discuss the merits of his trifling with the apparatus of our greatest English sea-romance. Long John Silver, Blind Pew, Bill Bones, Black Dog and the rest of the gang are here; the story tells how the treasure was originally captured and how it was hidden on the island rendezvous; one also learns how Flint died at Savannah, howling for Darby McGraw to "fetch aft the rum." These literary trifles are woven into the fabric of a very fine tale and do, in fact, vindicate the author's attempt to write the prelude to Stevenson's symphony of boyhood, blood and gold. And the unsophisticated children who will read "Porto Bello Gold" will scarcely object to the author's presumption.

Neither will those sophisticated men and women,

to whom "Treasure Island" has always been the epic of lost childhood, object to the method, so suavely is the deed accomplished. The fact, however, of running across the many strands of that romance tied to this present tale, will tend to distract the elders, to lift them out of the self-contained glamour of the story, and, by starting a series of unintentional cross-references, hamper their pleasure in a book which, without these borrowings, would be entirely engaging.

As for the characters, aside from those which are imported from R. L. S., their creation deserves much praise. The principal villain of the tale, who was master where Flint was man, is Andrew Murray, a twistedly loyal Jacobite who harries the seas to serve the exiled Stuarts and defeat the hated Hanoverian Georges. Murray goes by the *nom de guerre* of Captain Rip-Rap, dresses fastidiously, and names his ship *The Royal James*. On his ship he lives in the state of an admiral, imposes man-of-war discipline on his cheatgallows crew, and flies the white ensign of a British admiral when he attacks the Spanish treasure-ship from Porto Bello, in order to seize the gold that will give sinews of war for a sequel to the late disastrous rising of the "'45." Peter Corlaer, the huge Dutch fur-trader, who follows his master's son, Robert Ormerod, into captivity, when Murray abducts the latter for purposes of his own, suggests alike Buchan and the Leatherstocking Tales; and Moira O'Donnel, Irish heroine, is a comprehensible and yet fascinating adjunct to a story properly preoccupied with the deeds of men.

In fact, one must admire the literary technique which enabled the author to assemble the ingredients of decorous young love upon the deck of a pirate-ship, without in any way straining the fabric of a well-knit narrative. And one must give a little thought to the character of Andrew Murray, whose schemes were so deep and so well-planned, so well-executed and ambitious, and who yet was ruined by the sort of accident which was inevitable and against which he could take no precaution. In the working out of his destiny there is more than a little philosophy, entirely free from smugness or trite standards.

Finally, it is regrettable that the author, presumably to run the gauntlet of public library censors and the guardians of what are humorously known as "Christian homes," resorted to so many "blanks" to give the illusion of piratical vocabulary. Even "hell," which is now almost a public institution, is thus blotted into specious oblivion. For the rest, the expressions admirably convey the romantic color he desires, and two of his most telling phrases, "Stap me!" and "Gut me!" are liable to be incorporated, at least for a short time, into the vocabularies of many small boys, whose present linguistic feats are restricted to prosaic "gosh" and "darn."

An Ample Book

LAURA. By ETHEL SIDGWICK. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 1924. \$2.

Reviewed by LOUIS BROMFIELD

MRS. SIDGWICK, it must be said at the outset, makes no compromise either with her reader or with those vague elements popularly believed to be the contributing factors in the commercial sense of an author's success. And in this may lie the reason why a woman who writes so ably, so subtly, at times so brilliantly, has never had an enormous following. In order to read and fully appreciate such a book as "Laura" the reader must be equipped with a mind that is at once clear and analytical. If he happens to be so endowed, then the pages of a book by Mrs. Sidgwick are a promised land full of chuckles and the mild amusement with which a worldly mind may survey the tragedies and comedies of the preposterous human spectacle.

Laura is, of course, the character about whom this particular spectacle revolves. Sometimes it appears to revolve in an obscure and senseless fashion and sometimes it revolves with the brisk speed of a brand new carousel; but always one reads with a certainty that in a few more pages the obscurity will disappear suddenly under the magic of Mrs. Sidgwick's method as a morning fog touched by the rising sun. There is in the book a perfectly good plot, but the author, like most novelists who are worth their salt, is not especially concerned with it. Her interest lies in the touchstone, character . . . the character of the maddening preposterous heroine, of the charming Ledbitters, the "literary" Sheriffs, the baronial Buckleys, "Nosey" Blagden

the Salvationist, and a dozen others. In the course of the book they revolve (it is the only word which expresses adequately Mrs. Sidgwick's method) about the behavior of the absurd girl who by force of circumstance is suddenly thrust upon them.

Laura is herself a masterpiece, conceived and then dissected with a shrewd penetration into the wiles and dishonesty of feminine psychology equalled only by the writer whom literary ladies confuse so amiably with Mrs. Sidgwick; that is to say Anne Douglas Sedgwick. Laura is shallow, vain, mousey, selfish . . . a dozen other things and yet, by the dark power which such women possess, she is overwhelming; she disturbs all the world about her; because of her things happen, sometimes comical, sometimes tragical, to her friends and enemies. In the end she is even responsible for a suicide which is very near to a murder. Altogether Laura presents the best picture ever painted of that cursed thing, the literary imagination. One puts down the book with the suspicion that Laura might have been drawn out of Mrs. Sidgwick's own memories.

There is a kind of charm about the book that is irresistible. One has desire to meet the Sheriff family and the Ledbitters and the proud but poverty-stricken Buckleys. They are intensely real with that reality which places them forever in the memory alongside delightful people encountered in life. If Mrs. Sidgwick has, in her ample sheaf of equipment, one outstanding talent it is for the creation of quiet, living characters.

There was a time, it is rumored, when Mrs. Sidgwick became involved in the tricks of Virginia Woolf and Dorothy Richardson. In "Laura" she has come out of the maze, bearing with her those ideas which she has found valuable; more than that, she has adapted them to her own uses. "Laura" is a delightful book, but if you are given to "skimming" steer clear of it, because every word must be read. If once you lose touch with the current, you are certain to be lost forever. It is an ample, leisurely book through which it is possible to wander slowly with a keen and twinkling pleasure.

A Poet-Dramatist

MARY ROSE. By SIR JAMES BARRIE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1924.

Reviewed by H. M. WALBROOK

MORE than four years have elapsed since the production of Sir James Barrie's "Mary Rose" at the Haymarket Theatre, London. No other of his plays, not even "The Admirable Crichton," provoked so much discussion or excited such fierce emotion. People wept at it, people jeered at it; people hailed it as a masterpiece, people dismissed it as incomprehensible drivel. One dramatic critic frankly confessed that he had been unable to understand a word of it; another saluted it as a fearless piece of spiritualistic propaganda. And, while all this pother was raging, the play crowded the theatre for nearly a year.

The printed version of it has now appeared, and we can all read at our leisure, and in the comfort of an armchair and a footstool, not only the dialogue of the play proper, but also the elaborate introductory and elucidatory material with which Sir James so happily sprinkles these printed editions of his dramas. No doubt there will still be dissentients from the high estimate which some of us have formed of this play. One thing, however, can be said with some confidence; there is really no excuse now for misunderstanding it. The story can be followed as easily as that of any printed drama that can be named. The majority of its readers will also, I think, admit that there is not a scene in it which is not stamped with the author's peculiar quality at its tenderest, its drollest, its most soul-searching. And it offers crowning proof of the fact that Barrie is something far higher than a mere dramatic craftsman. It is the work of a man of poetic imagination—a poet-dramatist.

The story of the play is, I suppose, one of the strangest ever unfolded upon a stage. It introduces us to a tiny island in the Outer Hebrides, bearing a Gallic name which means "The Island that Likes to Be Visited." It sets forth a local legend that, from time to time, a child or grown-up person visiting this island hears suddenly a magic "call," and is spirited away no one knows whither, to reappear after many days, or even many years, apparently not

an hour older, and completely unconscious of the interval that has passed. In the play, Mary Rose Blake, who is not only a young wife but also a young mother, is on a visit to the island with her husband from their London home. Suddenly, while she is alone for a moment, she hears the "call," and vanishes. Then, in the last act, which takes place in London, she mysteriously reappears twenty-five years later to her husband who has now grown middle aged, and her parents who have now grown old, while she has remained unchanged in all her bloom and beauty. Her son, however, has run away to sea years before, and nothing is known of his whereabouts; and we gather that the young mother, yearning for her lost child, dies of a broken heart. In an epilogue the story is advanced a stage further. More years have passed; the old home in London is uninhabited, save by a fear-stricken caretaker, and, fallen into decay, has become a place of echoes. Its mouldering rooms, however, are haunted by the ghost of Mary Rose, who is still seeking her child; and at last she meets him, an Australian soldier back in London after fighting in the great war, and her soul's longing is satisfied. At the end of the play she hears the "call" of the island once again, but there is no menace in it this time, and as the curtain falls she is passing from one sight with radiant joy upon her face to a sky glittering with stars.

Such is the fairy-tale that runs through the play; but it is set in a perfectly simple delineation of everyday people and everyday life. Mary Rose, herself, may be only the rare and lovely flower of some world of dreams; but her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Morland, are perfectly recognizable figures, filled in with all sorts of delicate touches of race, breeding and character; her lover and husband, the naval officer, and her son, the rough Australian soldier, are as true to type; while the Highlander, Cameron, who appears in the middle act as a gawky young boatman with a volume of Euripides in his pocket, and in the third as a middle-aged minister, is a social portrait which all Scotsmen will recognize immediately.

In the main, however, it is just one of the most beautiful and original ghost-stories ever written by a poet for the theatre. Do not let us be so banal as to exclaim at its "incredibility." After all, it is no more "incredible" than the wonderful opening scene of "Hamlet," and to Sir James Barrie, himself, it is, I am certain, only the faithful picture of a number of perfectly simple things.

It is indeed a rare talent, this of Sir James Barrie, dramatist; and I think the happiest thing we can say of it is that this "Mary Rose," his latest long play, is also in the opinion of many his finest. Pleasant also it is to muse upon the rewards which, throughout the English-speaking world, have attended a career so unique. What an answer they give to those—and they are many—who proclaim that an artist who hopes for prosperity in these days must "play down to the gallery." Sir James Barrie has taken quite a different view. As Malvolio thought nobly of the soul, so he has thought nobly of the public. He has not insulted them by any sort of pandering to baseness and vulgarity. On the contrary, he has done them and himself the honor of appealing to what is best in humanity—"simplicity, and gentleness, and honor, and clean mirth." In short, he has won his battle, as most great artists have won theirs, by playing, not "down" to the gallery, but *up* to it.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY Editor
WILLIAM ROSE BENET Associate Editor
AMY LOVEMAN Associate Editor
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY Contributing Editor

Published weekly by Time, Inc., Henry R. Luce, President; Henry S. Canby, Vice-President; Briton Hadden, Secretary-Treasurer, 236 East 39th Street, New York, N. Y. Subscription rate, per year, postpaid: In the U. S. and Mexico, \$3; in Canada, \$3.50; in Great Britain, 16 shillings; elsewhere, \$4. For advertising rates, address Noble A. Cathcart, Advertising Manager, 236 East 39th Street, New York. Circulation Manager, Roy E. Larsen. Entered as second-class matter July 29, 1924, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Vol. I. Number 20.

Copyright, 1924, by The Saturday Review of Literature.

The Exposition of a Theory

WOODROW WILSON, THE MAN, THE TIMES, AND HIS TASK. By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. 1924. \$5.

Reviewed by Sir A. MAURICE LOW

Author of "Woodrow Wilson: An Interpretation"

WHAT a beautiful thing is a theory! How deftly it can be shaped and stretched and molded to prove a thesis! Mr. White's publishers announce that his book is candid, impartial, illuminating; a biography that will endure. Sublime is the faith of publishers. Mr. White's book is neither authentic history nor illuminating biography, but as it is printed on a high quality of paper in good ink and stoutly bound, the publishers are justified in assuming it will endure. The book is the Exposition of a Theory. As such one cannot find any fault, because it is permitted to every man to play with a theory in the same way that he rides a hobby—provided that he does not allow it to run away with him.

Mr. White's theory, on which he builds his work, is that because in the late President there were the mingling strains of Irish and Scotch blood there were two Wilsons: "Tommy" of his youth and the Irish; the Scotch Covenanter Woodrow of his maturity, when he toiled painfully on the road to his Calvary. It was a dual personality, the author would have us believe, a Jekyll and Hyde mentality and nature, or in the jargon of modern pseudoscience, Mr. Wilson was afflicted with complexes perpetually in conflict. There was the rollicking, light hearted, fun loving Irish "Tommy"; there was the Scotch Woodrow dour and pawky. Mr. White, it will be seen, is conventional and embraces his stage Irishman and the Scot of tradition. But every man born north of the Tweed does not wear his conscience like a hair shirt to plague him and strangle the joy that is in him.

There is neither scientific basis nor biological foundation for Mr. White's method. Man is not built like a pig, with a spiritual streak of fat and a streak of lean nicely imposed side by side, the one necessary to the other to make a succulent morsel. In every man there is a mixture of Jekyll and Hyde, but it is only the novelist or the theorist who locks them up in watertight compartments and brings them out when a dramatic situation must be created. A man, his actions, his motives, his purposes, is the sum of his past, his heredity, his environment, the cross currents of life itself.

Mr. White rides his hobby hard. To sustain his thesis he gives much space to the forbears of Woodrow Wilson to prove that what he inherited he could not renounce; it was the "Tommy" of him that made him beloved and the Woodrow of him that made him hated. As a boy Woodrow Wilson was frail and wore spectacles; as a youth he was delicate and unable to complete his course at the University of Virginia and graduate. Mr. White appears to resent this. If only there could have been in his life, he cries, some shanty Irish critic with a penchant for assault and battery to exercise his skill upon this "unwhipped cub"—Mr. White's language—who never denied his soul's high visions. A delicate boy with an acute mind, a love of reading, and weak eyes naturally spent more time with his head buried in a book than on the playing field, but he was no milksop. He did not, for physical reasons, play baseball, but he was the organizer of victory; he put heart into the Wesleyan football team when Lehigh had everything its own way; in his undergraduate years in Princeton he was a member of the glee club and as much of a barbarian as all the other young barbarians of his time; four times the seniors voted him the most popular member of the faculty. No recluse this tortured by his hair shirt, but a normal human being liking his fellowmen and holding their affection.

The provoking thing about Mr. White's book is that while he has done a commendable piece of reporting and given his facts a lively interpretation (at times too lively when he forgets the dignity of history and thinks of Emporia), the spirit of Woodrow Wilson has eluded him. Or has he in his declared purpose to "tell the story," because of preconceived ideas—the civil war between "Tommy" and Woodrow, for instance—been betrayed into telling an even more fantastic story? Wilson's partisans, Mr. White writes, "have idealized his virtues and so sought to create a superman—some sort

of Heaven sent Messiah to redeem a wicked world from its iniquity. His enemies—alas, they have seen his weakness through the green and red glasses of envy and hate, and a fine old striped devil they have made of him." One closes Mr. White's book puzzled; to him Mr. Wilson is not a Heaven sent Messiah; that is certain; but is he a striped devil? Did Mr. White ever overcome that first impression, the impression which perhaps unconsciously influenced him throughout? "I met him," he says—this, remember, the first time—"he smiled, but I got the wrong side of his face, a side which gave me a certain impression of reptilian personality—a strong sense of essential treachery in the man!" Nor was this first impression effaced by closer and more intimate contact. They met infrequently and never became intimate. Mr. White's knowledge was second hand, and his sources, giving his authority, were not always the most discriminating. Men who traded on their intimacy with Wilson during his lifetime capitalized him after his death. The few persons who could tell the truth have with exquisite dignity done what Wilson would have them do: they have been content to hold their silence while history was recording the verdict. This reticence is easily understood, but is it not a mistake? The fame of Mr. Wilson can no more be obscured than it can suffer from detraction, but the books that have been written since his death will confuse future generations. It would seem the time has come for the authoritative life of Woodrow Wilson to be written.

And that can be done only by some one who has the original documents at his command and in addition to his other accomplishments is a poet. Not a poet in the conventional sense, not necessarily a man who knows the tricks of rhyme and metre, but with the sympathy and imagination of the poet "to reveal a naked soul." Woodrow Wilson had a soul. Similar to many other great men, even in the hour of his greatest triumph, with the plaudits of the multitude still ringing their acclaim, he was weighted down by a vast loneliness. He stood apart. Those fits of depression that plunged Lincoln into melancholy Wilson was to know less seldom, but as Wilson said of Lincoln, "that brooding spirit had no real familiars." Wilson carried his cross alone. He was not fearful of his own powers, he believed in the righteousness of his cause and to the last his faith remained unshaken, but he was so humble and the task to which he had been called was so terrible. In one of the darkest moments of his life Lincoln wrote: "The will of God prevails." Wilson, when the clouds were gathering their darkness and the air was heavy with the thunder of the guns, said: "We live in our visions."

William Allen White is no poet. It is because he has been untouched by the divine afflatus he has clothed a lay figure with the vesture of words, but into it he has put no soul. For he who does not live in visions cannot understand a man whose soul has been exalted by a vision.

Problems of Heredity

THE INHERITANCE OF ACQUIRED CHARACTERISTICS. By DR. PAUL KAMMERER. Translated by A. P. MAERKER BRANDEN. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1924. \$4.50.

Reviewed by JULIAN S. HUXLEY

THIS book is a curious combination of opposites. It honestly aims, if not at completeness, at least at an all-round treatment—and yet shows the most unwarranted omissions: it contains chapters so fair-minded to opponents as to be disarming—and others which are nothing but propaganda: a scientific treatise, written by a professional scientist, it yet reveals every now and again an apparent incapacity to understand, or at least to apply, the most elementary biology.

In spite of the brief space at my disposal, I believe that it will be best to give first a brief summary of how to most biologists the problem of acquired characteristics and their inheritance looks today, before starting on criticism proper for the discoveries and analysis of the last quarter-century really put the matter in a new light, and it is no good discussing it any more from the standpoint of Lamarck or even of Weismann—any more than it would profit to discuss the transmutation of the elements from the standpoint of alchemist or even of Mendeléeff or any other pre-radium era.

Thanks to the discoveries of Mendel and their later extension by Bateson and especially by Morgan, we can now identify with certainty what Weismann could only guess at, and Darwin not know of at all—the physical basis of inheritance. This is constituted by the so-called chromosomes (word as yet unfamiliar to the man in the street, but which he will have to learn like atom or electron), or by some part of them. These chromosomes are constant in number within all individuals of a given species,* and a complete set is distributed to every cell of the body by a delicate mechanism at cell-division. The chromosomes are elongated bodies, and along their length is stretched the stuff of heredity. This is composed of units, the so-called Mendelian factors, which are arranged in a definite order down the line, so that each factor is not only lodged in a particular chromosome, but has its particular and unvarying station within that chromosome. Alterations in factors ("mutations") produce characteristic effects on the characters of the animal, different kinds of effects for different factors. Thus, so far as we can see, the hereditary constitution consists of definite chemical units, united in constant proportion and position, and combining to make the development of the animal (or plant) proceed in just one particular way—when in a standard environment.

In a standard environment: this is where the next stage of the analysis begins. Some people who study education are so impressed with the environment's power that they ascribe everything to environment: while many who have had to do with the science or the practice of breeding make equally sweeping statements about heredity and its omnipotence. Both are quite wrong. In a sense both environment and heredity are omnipotent, for the best be-chromosomed ovum will only develop within certain limits of temperature, light, and other environmental agencies: and other eggs in the best surroundings may die or give rise to monstrosities, because of defects in their hereditary make-up.

What most people forget is that in this whole problem of the analysis of inheritance, we can only study differences. We see that two animals or plants are different from each other, and we try to discover the cause of the difference. Sometimes we find it due to a difference in the environment in which they grew up; sometimes to a difference in the hereditary factors with which they are provided: *voilà tout*.

It is clear that one and the same set of hereditary factors might react quite differently to different environments: for instance, fish which grow up normal when in normal sea-water possess but a single Cyclops-eye when grown in magnesium-chloride solutions; female ant-eggs on one kind of food become queens, on another soldiers, on another workers. Such facts are remarkable enough and important enough: but they are in essence identical with quite simple facts such as that a pure paraffin wax remains solid below a certain temperature, but becomes liquid above it, or that sulphuric acid reacts with one metallic salt to give one result, with another to give another.

The extraordinary power of the environment over individual development is well shown by facts like the following. If a tendon like the Achilles tendon of an animal is cut, it will heal again. If, however, the calf-muscle which pulls on that tendon is at the same time put out of action by cutting its nerve, the tendon does not heal properly, but only an irregular mass of connective-tissue fills the gap. Finally if in such an animal a silk thread is healed into the wound, and slight tension exerted on it day by day, a little tendon is formed along the thread—at right angles to the original tendon's course! It has long been well known that tendons are wonderfully adapted to their function, both as to their strength and their direction. We now see that we need not postulate special hereditary factors for each nuance, but that, given the fundamental property of tendon-forming tissue to lay down its fibres along the lines of greatest tension, all the rest follows directly as the result of the strains which use and the form of the skeleton and the muscles put upon it. Similar principles hold good for the detailed architecture of bones, the size of muscles, the course of blood-vessels and for other "functional adaptations" within the body.

All this, as you see, has nothing to do with inheritance. Fundamentally, the theory of the inheritance of acquired characters asserts that changes

*Apart from differences connected with sex, and certain exceptional and abnormal conditions.

induced by the environment in the developing organism tend to become fixed in its hereditary constitution so that they eventually appear whether the same kind of environment that originally induced them is there or no.

It has also in recent years often been extended in ways quite different from those imagined by Lamarck, its original promulgator, to ask simply whether the hereditary constitution can be affected from without. And this is really the best way to put the question, for it is the most general form in which it can be put, and particular Lamarckian theories would constitute only special cases of it.

Can the hereditary constitution be permanently changed by environment? That, then, is our question. It is clear that, theoretically, it should be possible to induce such change. The hereditary constitution is seen to be something material, which only our lack of knowledge prevents us from defining chemically; and as such it must be possible to alter it. The remarkable fact, however, is its stubborn resistance to alteration. Sixty-nine generations of flies bred in the dark, and yet no alteration in their eyes or their instincts with regard to light. Thirty generations of an attempt to raise their resistance to heat by acclimatization and selection—without result. Indefinite time spent by dandelions in the lowlands not preventing their reacting immediately to mountain conditions by changing size, form, and proportions—or *vice versa* on replanting from mountain to plain. The failure of tendons to form except under direct stimulus of tension (see above), the failure of children to learn their own language quicker than a foreign tongue—conditions of course being equal—*et cetera*.

When changes do occur in the germplasm, they are usually of the kind known as single-factor mutations. Great numbers of these have been described, especially by Morgan (it is by the way a very grave omission of the author not to have even mentioned this mode of hereditary change—H. mlet without the Prince!) Naturally they must have a cause: but so far, no one has succeeded in discovering what it may be, or relating the change in any way to environment. So far as their connection with external conditions goes, these inner changes can only be described as spontaneous or random. Indeed, although each cell of the body normally contains two similar specimens of each Mendelian factor, mutation can be shown usually to occur only in one cell of the thousands in the body, and only in one of the two factors within that microscopic cell!

There are a few cases on record where treatment appears to have induced mutation, caused hereditary change. Many of such experiments, however, were carried out without proper controls or full understanding of the pitfalls that lurk for the unwary in the interpretation of results, and, leaving for the moment Kammerer's own work on one side, we are left with perhaps a dozen or two dozen cases where the desired result may possibly have been achieved, but where reinvestigation is necessary for certainty; and two or three where it has probably been achieved.

What is emerging more and more clearly, however, is that even in the more probable cases, the effect is rare and uncertain, affecting only a very few of the specimens submitted to the treatment.**

Now Dr. Kammerer claims himself to have experimentally demonstrated the inheritance of acquired characters in salamanders, in toads, and in ascidians. In the brief space at my disposal, and at the risk of seeming curt, I can only say that his work has not carried conviction to biologists as a whole, and in particular to those who ought to be best qualified to judge—the students of heredity, with Bateson, Baur, Morgan, Goldschmidt, and Johanssen at their head. No one has ever been able to repeat them, and distinguished workers like Herbst have obtained quite opposite results.

It is a sad thing when a man has spent half a lifetime on researches which his colleagues will not accept (and let us not forget that it is not always the organized body of the science which is in the right!) But perhaps in Kammerer's case the present volume supplies the clue. It contains passages

**E. g. Jollos' experiments with *Paramecium*, Guyer's with rabbits, and Harrison's with moths.

†E. g. the discussion of the experiments with *Proteus* on pp. 75, 76 and 176-179 (by the way, since Kammerer only induced the change in one generation, it is a gross error to speak of it, as he does later on, p. 209, as hereditary); p. 25; Chap. 10; the case of fish becoming cyclopic $MgCl_2$ solutions, p. 247; p. 334; etc.

which to me at least seem to be so muddle-headed, and to have failed so completely to understand or take into consideration the arguments on the other side† that I cannot feel the least confidence in his analysis or in his interpretation of his own results. Luckily in his experiments with sea-squirts he has given us something which can readily be repeated and tested; and this is, I believe, now being done. Till then we must bring in a verdict of "not proven."

How difficult it is to be certain in such experiments is shown by facts such as these. A few years ago it was claimed that the "waltzing" habits induced by rotating rats at high speeds over long periods (an experiment primarily carried out with reference to the equilibration of aviators!) were inherited. Late painstaking repetition by one of the leading American geneticists has shown that the effect is only apparent, the motion causing a decreased resistance in the ear with consequent bacterial infection, which, once it had got a hold, infected subsequent generations, with the same result of running in circles.

Or again, a year or so ago the famous Russian physiologist, Pavlov, claimed that he had found the effects of training in mice to be inherited, the animals needing fewer and fewer "lessons" to achieve a certain trick as the generations went on. Two independent American workers, however, have repeated the experiment with quite negative results. The only explanation that appears reasonable is that Pavlov, who had not previously worked with mice, mistook the effects of gradually improved treatment on tameness and health for true inheritance.

Of the second part of the book it is better not to speak much. Even after the author himself has assured us that "acquired characters" are only inherited in special cases, he assumes a wholesale and rapid effect in animal breeding, and in human society, and indulges in a mixture of sentiment, optimism and uncritical handling of facts which is again not calculated to inspire confidence in his earlier purely technical analysis.

It is painful to have to say this, since Kammerer has been inspired with a real devotion to his work. But it is none the less true that over and over again he is guilty of making what is to science an interesting and rare possibility the basis for the most hardy speculations and incorrigibly cocksure prophecies. E. g. Chap. 51 on Ductless Glands, Chap. 52 on Inheritance and Genius, Chap. 44 on Racial Fusion in the U. S. and other chapters are almost worthless for their lack of critical faculty.

It is finally unfortunate that the translation is not better. Surely the worst of translators ought to know that *eventuell* does not mean "eventually," nor *respektiv* "respectively," nor *principiell* "principally." "Different than" is bad; what are "calves with limpidly hanging down horns"? and there is a general wooliness of the English.

One is always asked what possible other alternative exists to the inheritance of acquired characters to account for any progressive change in Evolution. It is strange that Darwin's theory of natural selection seems never to have been properly assimilated by the average man in its sixty-five years' life, especially now that the neo-Mendelians, such as Morgan, are finding such strong corroboration for its postulates.

If variation (mutation) occurs, as it appears to, in all directions, the struggle for existence will ensure that only those which are in the "right" direction shall be preserved.

The great question is, of course, the genesis of the hereditary variations. As we have already seen, numerous mutations occur which assuredly have no adaptive relation to use or to environment. These must provide some of the raw material for selection. It is further highly probable that we shall find special cases in which the environment can be made to alter the germ-plasm, and that some of these alterations will be adaptive. But in spite of all the work that has been done, we have only established this probability; while on the other hand we have established the very definite certainty that to a great many apparently potent outer influences the germ-plasm is quite unresponsive. The old Lamarckism is dead: the inheritance of acquired characters is surely not the universal provider which it was once thought to be. What the finally restricted "new Lamarckism" may finally prove to be remains to be seen. We can at least be thankful to Dr. Kammerer for keeping the question on the tapis, and for collecting a large mass (though not all!) of the evidence bearing on the problem.

Roosevelt to Hinky Dink

PERSONALITY IN POLITICS. By WILLIAM BENNETT MUNRO. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1924. \$1.50.

Reviewed by WHITNEY NORTH SEYMOUR

FROM Roosevelt, Wilson, and John Purroy Mitchel to Hinky Dink and Bathhouse John, that is Professor Munro's gamut. Professor Munro is Professor of Municipal Government at Harvard University and he has written a number of useful textbooks on government. They all have the peculiar merit of being extremely readable. To cite one example from the present transcription: he uses such a colorful phrase as plug-ugly (in describing the popular conception of the Boss) without the qualms of quotation marks. Such gleaming accuracies from the vernacular are unfortunately rare in lectures such as these.

In the first chapter of the book reviewed, the author severely indicts the reformer as intolerant, impractical, and unable to learn from his anthithesis, the Boss, that the friendly and social arts are essential to political success. The author points to the huge network of reform organizations, which often work at cross purposes and frequently wheedle contributions for no more eleemosynary purpose than to pay organization expenses. In this connection Professor Munro says, "The most urgent reform need of today is for a reform of our reforming organizations." But it seems to me that the author takes reformers much too seriously. Nearly all un-lascivious and tolerable reformers advocate unattainable causes for the sheer romance of it, the fun of it. They may affect a certain high seriousness, but they are really having the time of their lives. They are being Shelleys for the moment, instead of grocers, lawyers, journalists, or barbers. The spirit of the Progressive Convention which nominated Mr. Roosevelt in 1912, and of the exuberant campaign which ensued, was, in essence, that of the mediæval loin-girdlers jousting at a new Saladin under a modernized Cœur de Lion.

Professor Munro indicates the reasons for the defeat of John Purroy Mitchel in the mayoralty election of 1917 and shows what the reformer must learn if he is to succeed. In brief, it is never to ride up Fifth Avenue when one can as well use Third. The men who effect their reforms, men like Jacob Riis and McCarthy of Wisconsin, without entering the political lists, are necessarily slighted because Professor Munro's space is brief. Otherwise it is a true bill. The author states the case against clumsily labelled reform measures like the "initiative" and the "referendum" but he does not make the same criticism of the names of the reformers themselves. It would be interesting to know, with reference to the New York mayoralty election of 1921, how many of Mayor Hylan's votes are attributable to his sobriquet "Red Mike," and the effect on the result if Mr. Henry H. Curran had been dubbed "Handy Hank."

Professor Munro's chapter on the Boss is definitive within its compass. Perhaps the most valuable part of it is the footnote in which he tabulates the training, philosophy, etc. of ten typical American bosses. If this part of the book is read with James L. Ford's "Hot Corn Ike" the reader will have the whole problem of bossism before him.

In the last chapter, in which Professor Munro speaks of the Leader in Politics, the creaking doctrine that ours is "a government of laws, not of men" is accorded obsequies too long delayed. The author states the requisites of leadership, in which humor, as unfortunately it must be, is notably absent, and then says, "The leader, to be successful, must have qualities which fit his times." This approach immediately removes support from those occupants of the mourner's bench who perpetually lament the absence from public life in our day of men of the stature of Lincoln, Webster, and Clay. Professor Munro takes the view that public opinion is inevitably the diffused voice of the Few. This is hardly the occasion to litigate that question, but some of the cases seem to defy reconciliation. This chapter should appeal particularly to young men who are interested in the possibilities of a political career. It is full of suggestion, and is a highly palatable distillate.

Ward Twists More Tails

TWISTED TALES. By CHRISTOPHER WARD.
New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1924. \$1.50.

Reviewed by MARGARET WIDDEMER

CHRISTOPHER WARD has done it once again. Here is another book of excellent parodies. In this set of twenty he takes diverting falls out of Fannie Hurst, H. G. Wells, Willa Cather, Booth Tarkington, and their like; also he dallies with such less portentous names as Ethel M. Dell, Harold Bell Wright and E. Phillips Oppenheim.

His hand is perhaps a trifle heavier, his brushmarks are a trifle broader in this book than in "The Triumph of the Nut." Yet who (who, that is, not shocked by the gentle art of parody *per se*) can be otherwise than cheered by the titles alone of the new book? For instance, "Stummox," by Fannie Wurst; "A Baked Alaskan," by James Oliver Dogwood; "The Wife of the Five-Centaur," by (and this is a delicately F.P.A.-ish touch) Cyril Whom!

Reductio ad absurdum is, of course, the keynote of all parody, as it must be of all caricature. But oh, what an especially swift and merciless discoverer of the best spots for reducing to absurdity is Christopher Ward! His inferential criticisms are as fearless as they are revealing. If he is not a mid-Victorian (I speak tenderly, being one of those who consider the word more compliment than accusation) by birth, he is surely one by training and nature. For he has the best gift of the departed age; the sense of humor which is no more since the end of "the home life of our dear queen." And thus Mr. Ward goes straight past our abject modern respect for the surprising brain and surprising brilliancy of H. G. Wells, and holds up to our notice a certain little weakness of his which is . . . let us see . . . Herbut Jeewells, at fifteen, is relating to his family a Dream.

"Nobody done nothing only what was beautiful or what they loved to do—like oldin' ands."

"Ooo removed the garbidge? Oo loved removin' the garbidge?" exploded his uncle John.

"There wan't none," said Herbert sulkily . . .

"What'd they 'ave on, Erbut?" asked Mother Jeewells. "Nakid, they was," repeated Herbert succinctly. "Hits always thataway in my dreams. H'i likes 'em thataway. . . ."

And one cannot but admit that Mr. Ward is right. The great H. G. Wells does, a little unnecessarily, like his dreams thataway. Brilliancy and vision may be greater things than good taste. But they are not the same.

One of the English reviewers has said that, just as the age of Anne was marked by its arid reasonableness, so ours will be remembered for its touch of madness. Though I am not willing to prophesy quite that, I admit that we are, at least, more *exalté* than any generation since the Romantics. At our best we have the touch of desperate brilliance which leans toward the paranoic though we do not share with Byron and Shelley their other gift, the sound base of erudition which was their heritage from the generations before. And one thing the paranoic mind cannot possess is a capacity for seeing all round a subject—and thus being able to see its funny side.

The Victorians had their faults. But they were faults of too much rather than too little sanity; and even unto George Eliot they all (but Herbert Spencer—and didn't even he say George was like a horse?) had a sense of humor. The reason is simple. They had a fixed standpoint. From a fixed standpoint certain things are funny and certain things serious. But if a standpoint, like ours today, shifts, nothing stays still long enough to be sure of being amusing. One might be Unappreciative of something that was going to be Significant tomorrow. And so we have left to us only the comic strip; the primitive and perennial outpulled chair and downfallen gossip of Shakespeare's Puck. Which narrows humor and abolishes wit.

Being Victorian, Christopher Ward can make "The Nightmare" as laughable as Thackeray might; and for the same reason. He is certain that Mr. Wells's idea of men like gods—(rather callous Greek ones) is silly. He does not believe in a day when humanity will turn into handsome and highly scientific deities who combine much personal license with much collective cruelty and no clothes; and ignore the collection of the garbage; taking onto all this somehow a surprising collective altruism. And unashamedly believing the idea ridiculous, he is able, like Gilbert's Mad Margaret, to "make it so."

The BOWLING GREEN

Criticism and Sore Throat

I BELIEVE that if I could put this down as I have been thinking about it, it would be rather interesting. But at any rate it will serve, for me, as a sort of clinical memorandum: it is written in the lees of a brief but feverish invasion of grippe, and it'll be exciting to see exactly what sort of words one does manage to string together under such conditions.

It really begins with Mr. Laurence Stallings having extracted from me a promise that before Walter de la Mare left this country I would give that master of haunted words a copy of *Variety*, in which magazine he could study the violent and delightful argot of the American stage.

Variety has long been one of my own favorite papers, and I was grateful to Mr. Stallings for reminding me that I hadn't seen a copy for many months. But I had no opportunity of buying it until, on the Boardwalk at Atlantic City a few days later, I passed that fellow who keeps a fine assortment of print spread out alongside the promenade.

Now we have to introduce some new ingredient into the cauldron. I will put it this way: late that evening it did not weigh upon my mind that Ben Jonson and Robby Burns are both dead. For I was passing midnight with the two men who mean to me very much what Ben and Robby (I imagine) might have meant if I could have known them. Though of course that's a silly way to put it; and I'm not going to tell you who these birds are. . . . But there we were, in room 668 of an Atlantic City hotel, at midnight, just as I had dreamed of for years, with (please, I am telling you nothing but the truth) some fine hot cocoa in front of us, and all the world's material for thought ready to be thrashed and chaffed and winnowed. Yes, this was the evening when we were going to shuck off the callous hulls of triviality and see the pearly perspiration shining on the forehead of the universe. Robby told the story of the Night Watchman on the South Wharf. Ben spoke about Frank Stockton. But (maybe you've had that kind of sore throat?) my neck seemed stuffed with that metallic wool used for scouring greasy dishes. I couldn't speak, I couldn't swallow, I couldn't think. There we were, with all the dark hours of the Mermaid Tavern open before us, and there was nothing for me to do but go to bed. So don't ever speak of Chance, the strangely moody old sculptor that carves our dials quaintly, point by point, as being always dexterous. Sometimes she's a sinister south-paw.

Yes, all that is irrelevant. What I approach is the fact that when I read that copy (Mr. de la Mare's copy) of *Variety*, the next day, (alternating it with chapters from "Marius the Epicurean" in that agreeable new pocket edition) I was still feeling low, shabby, and feverish. But when you feel poorly you don't therefore admire things less keenly; no, you admire them more. I was in just the right mood to appreciate anything sprightly with all my heart, simply because I felt perhaps I should never, myself, be cheery again. The auctioneer at a Boardwalk store who was ranting the merits of a platinum and diamond necklace, positively appraised at \$640 but make any bid you like for a starter, how I thrilled with amazement at the powerful vibration of his voice. To me, the mere idea of speaking caused an ache in the glottis. And I thought, reading the gay, pungent, straightforward and knowingly professional criticism in *Variety*, how fine it would be if literary gossip could have more of that sovereign shrewdness and gusto.

Walter de la Mare, certainly one of the quite few literary critics who genuinely know their business, will agree, I think, that there is a lot more than mere humor in the *Variety* type of reviewing. It is intended for a special world; but in the doings of that world it is stringent, unbiased, documented comment—and watched and prayed over by the artists it annotates, in a way that few authors ever heed the gibberings of the average book review. I quote a few clippings from *Variety*'s review of current vaudeville acts:

Elly opened with her corking juggling full stage turn and was followed by Bernard and Garry. This pair of youthful harmony singers in brown cork were a flaming sermon on the value of a show stopping deuce act to start a vaudeville bill. They were like kerosene on a prairie fire and softened it up for everything that followed.

Powers and Wallace in "Georgia," a pretty novel different vaudeville turn with a beautiful set added a touch of variety next, and mopped nicely.

The hits were beginning to drop all over the place. J. Harold Murray, the good looking tenor from musical comedy, goaled them vocally and optically, following with a corking cycle of songs, and Jimmy Hussey, back from an excursion in the legit ("Izzy"), woofed them in "Getting a Ticket."

Ben Bernie closed the first half and closed it right. He almost closed the orangeade stand up the street by holding up the intermission to encore repeatedly. The Bernie act is a lot of vaudeville value. He has one of the best of the jazz bands and in addition is a comedy act in himself. Bernie is unctuous, smooth, witty and always the last word, gagically speaking. He picked out Conway Tearle and Benny Leonard in the audience during "oiling" period in his routine. Take it from one who knows, Bernie is no chump.

The house had just about worked the stone bruises out of the dukes when Kitty Doner hopped on. Miss Doner is a speeder and an artist. If our cousins across the pond think they have a patent upon the raising of male impersonators they ought to get a load of this baby. In male clothes she is as masculine as a Notre Dame guard and female togs as feminine as bare legs. As a dancer she is in a class by herself. Miss Doner danced herself into the flyweight division before they would let her go, and, being in a particularly facetious mood, she landed heavily with her always enjoyable clowning. She finished smothered in flowers and had to "speech."

Bert Hanlon (New Acts) took a tough and late assignment and made it roll over and beg. Hanlon was all over the stage and stopped any contemplated walkout with his opening song and gags. He tore off one of the hits of the bill and the season and put himself away as one of the best and original male singles in the racket. A speech at 11:12 without losing a commuter is not to be sneezed at.

Housing a gathering possessed of a flippant tongue, it looked like a rough voyage for a few of the acts on the 41st street corner Monday night. As early as the opener the audience cut loose with trite remarks. Unwarranted the epidemic spread from the balcony down to the first tier and then into the orchestra.

Homer Romaine suffered the initial fire while conversing during his work on the trapeze. His physical efforts brought him a corking response but, at that, the verbal material divulged lacked anything to make it a necessity and logic is that it should be dropped, and especially before a throng that is prone to talk back.

Miller built as he went along. He didn't get a tumble on opening, but that didn't make him cry. He just let the boys play and did his customary movements—and drew returns when the piece was over. Then came others, with the returns growing all the time, so by the time Miller had knocked them for a spasm of applause he was getting warmed up himself. Then came "Limehouse Blues," and the applause kept on. Then three encores (and a basket of flowers) and a finale which began with the strains of "Auld Lang Syne" and proved to be a medley of old song hits. That was the biggest of all. Smiling Ray just kept his little grin set and came back and bowed half a dozen times before the gang was through.

Now all this has so unmistakable an air of genuineness that even without having seen the particular "acts" to which it refers your instinct tells you it is honest criticism. It deals—competently, professionally, without any stickiness of sentiment or kowtowing to big names and interests—with the fruity and fertile technical minutiae of its own special art. Imagine, if you can, what it would mean if there were one—even only one—organ of letters in this country that would consistently handle publishers' output in the same stringently trade-union mood together with the same bursting hilarity and keen wit. The publishers would be a bit horrified at first, for the tradition of twaddle has worn a deep channel in all literary doings. But you know, people do get weary of being bunked. The welcome given that magnificent little book, Haldane's "Daedalus," is an interesting evidence. And I am prepared to swear that even Matthew Arnold, if he took time to ponder the matter, would find more real health in the *Variety* type of reviewing than in much of our pretentious palaver, full of sound and foam.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Dr. George Watson Cole, the well-known bibliographer, has resigned as librarian of the Henry E. Huntington Library in San Gabriel, Cal., and has been succeeded by his former assistant, Chester M. Gate.

Harcourt, Brace
& Company
NEW YORK

**THE
PLEASANT
MEMOIRS**
of The Marquis
de Bradomin

By
Ramon del Valle-Inclan

Four sonatas; the four seasons of love in which a Don Juan of 19th Century Spain relates the story of his loves. A novel that moves in an atmosphere that is wholly Spanish—quixotic, erotic and medieval. "A work of art."—*N. Y. World*. \$3.00

**A PASSAGE TO
INDIA**

By **E. M. Forster**
7th printing. \$2.50

MAGELLAN

By
Arthur S. Hildebrand
A thrilling story of the life of the world's greatest adventurer

"Here is sheer beauty, built up on a true seaman's intuition. One biography like Mr. Hildebrand's is worth a hundred."—*Chicago Post*. \$2.75

PLUMES

By **Laurence Stallings**

By one of the authors of "What Price Glory," a post-war book that many like even better than the play. \$2.00

**HENRY
THOREAU**
Bachelor of Nature

By
Leon Bazalgette
Translated by Van Wyck Brooks

A biographical study of a great American by the French author of the standard "Walt Whitman." It makes ample use of Thoreau's diaries and is so dramatic that it has the charm of a novel. "A feat of comprehension and interpretation that verges on the miraculous."—*Boston Transcript*. \$3.00

**M. R. Werner's
BARNUM**

"The most engrossing biography in recent years."—*Chicago News*. \$2.00

**PEPYS'
DIARY**

Edited by
Henry B. Wheatley

Complete in three volumes on Oxford India Paper. The text used is the standard copyright text of the Wheatley edition, formerly issued in nine volumes. Sold in sets only.

Cloth, \$15.00
Three-quarters Turkey
morocco, hand tooled, \$30.00

Books of Special Interest

Going Adventuring

TALES FROM SILVER LANDS. By CHARLES F. FINGER. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1924.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENET

I THINK that W. J. Turner's poem about the magic of the names Cotopaxi and Popocatepetl, not to mention Chimborazo, would appeal to Charles J. Finger. He, too, in youth, must have wandered in that golden land of dream aroused by their grotesque syllabification. He was one destined from his birth to seek high romance in strange countries. He has gone a gold-digging in Tierra del Fuego and knows Honduras and Paraguay. He has climbed the Andes and seen the Horn. He is the man properly to appreciate the tales of W. H. Hudson and the yarns of Cunningham-Graham. The green mansions of the purple land have been his roost on many occasions. He first came into my ken upon the death of that great editor, William Marion Reedy, and he keeps going the *Mirror* repolished in his *Alp's Well* published out in Arkansas. He charmed me with a piece about Cunningham-Graham that was full of color. Since then books have come from him about highwaymen and all sorts of adventures. "Tales from Silver Lands" is the fairy-tale aspect of his material. The book is dedicated to "the golden-hearted Carl Sandburg and his friends, my children, Helen and Herbert," and, as usual, Paul Honoré's woodcuts fitly embellish his text, tinted a glamorous and dusty gold.

"Tales from Silver Lands" is an offhand record of experience and native legend picked up by the wayside. An old grandmother in Pueblo de Chamelécón leads off with the tale of three tails; next comes Maconahola and the Magic Dog. Follows "The Calabash Man," and in the far South near Cape Horn a ten-year-old boy tells of Na-Ha the Fighter. So the tales run on in easy narrative style with the charm of actual hearsay upon them. The myths of the land of the floating condor, of the velvet puma and the lugubrious llama, of painted cities blazing blankly under brazen skies, of drowsed adobe villages, deep forest, wild sierra and jungle stream. Here is the gaucho singing to his guitar by the campfire while the gigantic and witchlike dreams of a vastly ancient civilization rustle through the night beyond. The spell of a barbaric past lies upon these stories, the persistence of savage conceptions of devilry and divinity, of great cats, vampire bats, and the fox-faced ones, but no less of The Gentle Folk and huanacos, "animals of proud and graceful carriage. . . . Where dies a huanaco, there springs up a flower blue as the sky, its petals all gold-tipped. And when the day comes in which the last huanaco dies, then the yellow men will be gone."

One ought to put this book up on the shelf between Lummis's pueblo tales and Padraic Colum's new Hawaiian legends. Finger spins yarns and retails legend as easily as he must once have lolled in the saddle to flip a cigarette together with one hand. It gilds the siesta of the idler when a real adventurer stops adventuring and turns to setting forth his memories. Unfortunately few men to whom things happen in the open can convey the color of them in a public record. But here is one who can; here is one who can recall the striking phrase of the half-tranced recital he heard long ago and far away, and can remold it in English that gives the glamour. Casually presented as are these tales of ancient imagination they are a distinct addition to the world's folklore.

The publication of "The Lessons of History," by C. S. Leavenworth, recently reviewed in these columns, was erroneously ascribed to the Yale University Press. As a matter of fact the book was printed for the author by the Yale University Press.

A School Tale

THE SILVER TARN. By KATHERINE ADAMS. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1924. \$2.

A "GIRL'S BOOK" is so often merely a tale of sentimental superficiality that it is refreshing and satisfying to find in "The Silver Tarn" something not only to hold a girl's interest but to stimulate her imagination in several distinct ways. Suggestive glimpses, for example, are given of the impressions of travel and sightseeing in traditional spots, and vivid descriptions of a few war experiences, which are rapidly slipping into a semi-obscure background for those who in actual war-time were too young to grasp it all.

Both of these features lend a distinctive flavor to a book which is in the main a boarding-school story—a boarding-school, however, much transformed by a war-time move from Paris to the edge of a lonely Yorkshire moorland. The influence of the picturesque, strangely-colored moor—with its open spaces of heather and bracken, its still, deep tarn and its crags and wildness—upon the sensitive imagination of Mehitable, the New England girl, is another excellent point of departure. Still a fourth is the contrast maintained by carrying on a picture of current happenings in the affectionate village group which is left in Vermont to follow Mehitable's adventures and look forward to her return. It will be easily realized that "The Silver Tarn" in these various ways is an excellent book, for it is a real achievement to combine cheerful, interesting narrative with enough romance and novelty to stimulate ideas of beauty as well as of friendship and loyalty.

Books for Children

TRAVELLER'S JOY. By DION CLAYTON Calthorp. Knopf.

TONY SARG'S BOOK FOR CHILDREN. Greenberg.

AMERICA, THE GREAT ADVENTURE. By GEORGE PHILIP KRAPP. Knopf.

THE ISLAND OF THE MIGHTY. By PADRAIC COLUM. Macmillan.

HARI, THE JUNGLE LAD. By DHAN GOPAL MUKERJI. Dutton.

MOTHER GOOSE. Pictures by C. B. FALLS. Doubleday, Page.

DREAMLAND. Drawings by GERTARIES. Atlantic Book and Art Corporation.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF THE WORLD. By V. M. HILLYER. Century.

MAN BEFORE HISTORY. By MARY E. BOYLE. Little, Brown.

ROMANCE OF THE RIVER. By GEORGE PONSOT. Dodd, Mead.

YOURSELF AND YOUR BABY. By WILFRED T. GRENFELL. Scribner's.

BIG BEASTS AND LITTLE BEASTS OF ANDRE HELLE. Stokes.

DOCTOR DOLITTLE'S CIRCUS. By HUGH LOFTING. Stokes.

FORTY GOOD-NIGHT TALES. By ROSE FYLEMAN. Doran.

GOIN' ON FOURTEEN. By IRVIN COBB. Doran.

A BOY AT GETTYSBURG. By ELSIE SINGMASTER. Houghton Mifflin.

KAK. By VILHJALMUR STEFANSON. Macmillan.

GRENFELL, KNIGHT ERRANT OF THE NORTH. By FULLERTON WALDO. Jacobs.

THE TRAIL BLAZERS. By MARY H. WADE. Little, Brown.

JIBBY JONES AND THE ALLIGATOR. By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER. Houghton Mifflin.

SALLY SIMONS ADVENTURES IT. By AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN. Century.

THE TORCH. By LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX. Harper's.

LITTLE GIRL AND BOY LAND. By MARGARET WIDDEMER. Harcourt, Brace.

(Continued on page 387)

**Harper
Books**

**Some of the Year's
Best Books**

Tide Marks

By **H. M. Tomlinson**

Author of "The Sea and the Jungle"

Adventure, romance, philosophy, the gorgeous pageant of the East await the discriminating reader in these pages of exquisite and masterly prose. \$4.00

Bare Souls

By **Gamaliel Bradford**

Author of "Damaged Souls"

This group of "psychographs" of some of the most mysteriously fascinating personalities of European letters—including Keats, Voltaire, Cowper, and Thomas Gray—has been repeatedly hailed by critics as Mr. Bradford's best book. \$3.50

**Mark Twain's
Autobiography**



"Like everything Mark Twain ever wrote, it has throbbing vitality. And because it gives us first hand information about one of the giants of our native literature, it is a publication of the first importance," said *Burton Rascoe* in *Vanity Fair*.

In two volumes, boxed, \$10.00

Lottery

By **W. E. Woodward**

Author of "Bunk"

"With what irony Mr. Woodward chronicles it!" exclaims *Carl Van Doren* in the *Century*, of the career of the stupid, roystering hero of "Lottery" for whom other people made a million dollars; and adds "The ideas are in themselves exciting. No contemporary American novelist has so many." \$2.00

Julie Cane

By **Harvey O'Higgins**

Author of "From the Life"

"There is the warmth of real life in this memorable novel," said the *London Times* of this story of an extraordinary life, and "The mark of genius is stamped indelibly on this good book," wrote *Horace B. Liveright* in the *Saturday Review of Literature*. \$2.00

HARPER & BROTHERS

49 East 33rd Street
New York, N. Y.
Publishers Since 1817



A few sets of the now scarce NONESUCH PRESS ISSUES of 1923-24 have arrived. The new issues are coming in also. The handsome limited Saint Joan is here.

**AT THE MODERN BOOK-SHOP
THE FAMOUS
SUNWISE TURN**

Telephone M. H. 2590
51 E. 44th Street
New York

books

SEND FOR AUTUMN
LIST OF 250 TITLES

"Then heigh-ho the holly"

Suggestions for the Holidays
from the McBride List

STRAWS AND PRAYER-BOOKS, by James Branch Cabell. Third printing. \$2.50.

FROM THE HIDDEN WAY: A Book of Verse by James Branch Cabell. \$2.50.

BUSHRANGERS, by Charles J. Finger. Illustrated by Paul Honoré. \$3.

THE LIFE STORY OF AN UGLY DUCKLING, by Marie Dressler. Second printing. Illustrated. \$3.

FRAGMENTS FROM MY DIARY, by Maxim Gorky. \$3.

A TOUR THROUGH INDIANA IN 1840. Edited by Kate Milner Rabb. Illustrated. \$2.50.

ECONOMY IN HOME BUILDING, by Oswald C. Hering. Illustrated. \$5.00 net.

At All Bookstores

ROBERT M. MCBRIDE
& COMPANY

Publishers New York

Greek and Roman Sculpture in American Museums

By George H. Chase

Based upon the original monuments of classical sculpture to be found in American museums, this lavishly illustrated volume presents a complete account of the subject. "He has given us a fundamental analysis of art. He has again asserted the necessary connection between art and beauty."—*Boston Transcript*. "Refreshing in contrast to the usual tomes on art. There need be no hesitancy in recommending it as a very important and vital work on the subject."—*Town and Country*.

\$7.50 a copy

Harvard University Press
2 Randall Hall
Cambridge, Massachusetts

FOR THE WINTER BOOKSHELF

- Robert E. Lee: An Interpretation
By WOODROW WILSON \$1.00
- Religious Certitude in an Age of Science
By C. A. DINSMORE \$1.50
- Law and Morals
By ROSCOE POUND \$1.50
- Farm Life Abroad
By E. C. BRANSON \$2.00
- Scientific Study of Human Society
By F. H. GIDDINGS \$2.00
- Roads to Social Peace
By E. A. ROSS \$1.50

At all bookstores, or from

THE UNIVERSITY OF
NORTH CAROLINA PRESS
Chapel Hill.....N. C.

Foreign Literature

Nietzsche Letters

DER WERDENDE NIETZSCHE, AUTOBIOGRAPHISCHE AUFZEICHNUNGEN. Edited by ELISABETH FORSTER-NIETZSCHE. Munich: Musarion-Verlag. 1924.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

THE modern craze for subordinating the study of philosophers, poets, painters, writers of all kinds, to the study of their psychology and psychological environment no doubt goes too far; it ought not to be thought so necessary to our appreciation of a philosophical system, a work of art, that we should go into the minutiae of its creator's biography. But if there is one modern philosopher to whom the biographical, psychoanalytical method can be justly applied, it is to Friedrich Nietzsche. True, no doubt, that much of his work, his brilliantly intuitive philosophical work in the "Birth of Tragedy," his remarks on German education in his earlier writings, the poetical force he displayed in "Zarathustra," may be appreciated without reference to his physical and intellectual environment. But a complete understanding of his philosophy of the Superman, of the Will to Power, of his reaction against Wagner, Schopenhauer, Darwin, is impossible without taking into account the philosopher's physical and mental failings—not necessarily with the object of proving him wrong, but for the purpose of sound exegesis.

It follows that any new facts, any new documents, throwing more light on Nietzsche's life must be of the greatest importance to the student, whether he approach the subject from the philosophical, psychological or general literary point of view. Frau Förster-Nietzsche, the philosopher's sister, whose exhaustive biography of her brother, published between 1895 and 1907, is one of the most fascinating works of the kind extant, has produced a notable addition to that biography in this collection of Nietzsche's letters, essays and diaries written between his thirteenth and twenty-fourth years. These documents have reposed in the "Nietzsche-Archiv" in Munich for some years, and it was not until lately, when it was pointed out to her how important these pages were, and how exceptional it was for any eminent German writer to have left behind autobiographical material of such coherence and intrinsic value, that Frau Förster-Nietzsche agreed to edit the documents and equip each chronological group with an introduction. (These connecting links between the groups, it may be said, are admirably lucid and, considering Frau Förster-Nietzsche's attachment to her brother and her sensitiveness to the attacks on him, notably judicial.)

Ending, as it does, with the brilliant young undergraduate Nietzsche's appointment to the Professorship of Classical Philology at the University of Basel—the real beginning of his literary and philosophical activity—this volume can hardly show us much of that environment which later immediately influenced Nietzsche's writing and thought. Its value consists rather in showing us the things against which he was subsequently to react, not the reaction itself. We are, it is true, again and again reminded of that weakness of the eyes, the progressive development of which was such a sad factor in Nietzsche's life ten years later; true, too, that we get a pathetic picture of the scholar torn away from his books, his Jean Paul, his "Tristan Shandy," his Byron, his "Theognis," to the life of a common soldier—no small factor, one may surmise, in his later fierce antagonism to Prussian officialdom. We also get here, engagingly displayed, all the youthful affection and admiration for Schopenhauer and Wagner, emotions which were later, in the atmosphere of bitter physical and mental suffering, to turn to defiant contempt and repulsion. And, finally and most importantly, we get several specific assertions of that audacious self-reliance, that passionate belief in the power of the human will, which underlay so much of Nietzsche's later philosophy. For example the following, part of a fragmentary essay written at school in 1862:

When we recognize that we are responsible to ourselves, that any reproach for failure lies at our door, not at the door of any higher powers, then will the fundamental ideas of Christianity lay aside their outward appearance and show themselves as flesh and blood.

But if, in such instances as these, this volume shows us the familiar Nietzsche, so to speak, in embryo, it also reveals a Nietzsche as far from the popular concep-

tion as can well be imagined. He was, it will be recalled, the son of a clergyman and all through his youth he retained, not as a mere habit, but after sound and precocious reflection, a deep love for his parents and their religion. In a naïf and boyish but thoughtful essay he scouts the audacity of attempting to question religious and philosophic truths tested over nearly two thousand years, and the final entries in his diary on leaving school express pious thanks to God for his goodness—obviously sincere although followed by a poem "To the Unknown God" whom he wants to know and serve. What a gap between this Nietzsche and the writer of "Zarathustra" or "The Genealogy of Morals"! There is extraordinarily interesting reading here for the general student, and extraordinarily valuable material for the psychologist bent on tracing the causes which gave the world, instead of a Christianized Schopenhauer, the philosopher of the Superman and the bitterest and most dangerous opponent Christianity has had to face in our time.

Critical Essays

INCIDENCES. By ANDRÉ GIDE. Paris: Editions Nouvelle Revue Française. 1924.

Reviewed by DOROTHEA CLAFLIN

GIDE will never be popular in America. And "Incidences" will be among his least read works. Yet of the few living masters of style I know of none more stimulating than he, nor of many critical essays more acute than these. To the few who enjoy pure discussion of ideas, "Incidences" will be a delight. As Gide isolates an opinion, probes it, views it from several angles, searches its antecedents, predicts its consequence, one is reminded of a surgeon's delicate precision as he examines the maze of a human forearm. Nothing is repeated, nothing is omitted. Yet all forms a coherent sequence towards one central objective. The ideas he dissects are diverse and scarcely indicated by his titles: Reflections on Germany; on the Future of Europe; Letters on Classicism; Proust; *The Nouvelle Revue Française*; Barrès; Rivière; Cocteau; Travels in Turkey; The Ten French novels that . . . ; discussions of "Les Fleurs du Mal"; "Armance"; "Les Plaisirs et les Jours"; Valéry and Dada. Selected from writings over a period of twelve years and printed in divers publications, these essays represent what Gide himself thought most worthy of preservation.

The least successful pages are those which recount Gide's voyage in Turkey. Impelled to make the trip by curiosity, which was soon appeased, he grew to dislike the country too intensely to appraise it justly.

Constantinople joins Venice in the purgatory of my heart. One admires a bit of architecture, a bastion, only to find that it is Albanian or Persian. Everything was brought here, as at Venice, more than at Venice, by force, by money. Nothing sprang from the soil; nothing original can be found under the thick froth made by the contact and clash of so many races, histories, beliefs and civilizations. One can imagine nothing more ugly than the Turkish costume: and the race truly merits it.

Compare with that the thrill of return to Greece and Italy:

"M'ont ramené comme chez moi vers la gloire que fut la Grèce." Sur le bateau qui nous mène au Pirée, déjà je me redis ces vers des Stances à Hélène. Mon cœur s'emplit de paix, de rire et de sérénité. . . . Calme voluptueux de la chair, tranquille autant que cette mer sans rides. Equilibre parfait de l'esprit. Souple égal, hardi, voluptueux, tel le vol à travers l'azur brillant de ces mouettes, l'essor libre de mes pensées.

But Gide at his very best is to be found in the Préface à *Armance*. Critics agree that Stendhal's first novel is inferior to "Le Rouge et le Noir," "La Chartreuse de Parme" and "Henri Brulard." Sainte-Beuve damned it. "This novel, basically enigmatic, truthless as to detail, foretold no invention, no genius." But Gide, with a startling key to the enigma brings *Armance* to a high ranking. "Cet amoureux héros est un impuissant," he declares, but "plutôt que d'avouer cela, il sert, en aliment à la curiosité qu'il éveille, un autre secret, honnête, mais moins infamant à ces yeux." Undeniable it is, that aided by this foreknowledge the reader finds in *Armance*, not a whimsical, inconclusive idyll, but a psychological study of utmost subtlety. Gide's elucidation goes further. "The intrigue is not only between the characters, but most of all between author and reader." That will hardly make of *Armance* a best seller. But for the happy few who don't mind a novel requiring thought before detection, Gide's Préface is an inestimable accessory.



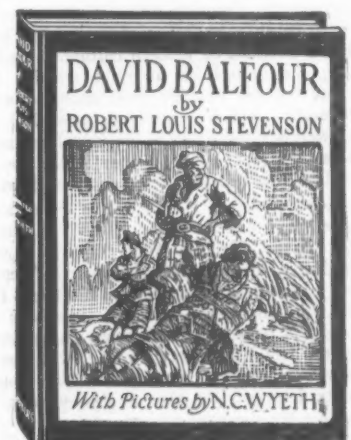
Charles Scribner's Sons

remind you again of the recent price reduction of the

Scribner \$2.50 Series
of Illustrated
Classics for Younger
Readers

There is no value in the entire field of children's books to compare with this series at this price. This Christmas every boy and girl can afford to have the best. Begin this year to build up a library of these famous classics for some young reader.

The New Volume



Here is the Complete Series. Each \$2.50

- ☐ Stevenson's DAVID BALFOUR
Illustrated by N. C. WYETH
- ☐ Scott's QUENTIN DURWARD
Illustrated by C. BOSSERON CHAMBERS
- ☐ Barrie's PETER PAN AND WENDY
Illustrated by MABEL LUCIE ATTWELL
- ☐ POEMS OF AMERICAN PATRIOTISM
Chosen by BRANDER MATTHEWS
Illustrated by N. C. WYETH
- ☐ THE SCOTTISH CHIEFS
By JANE PORTER. Illustrated by N. C. WYETH
- ☐ WESTWARD HO!
By CHARLES KINGSLEY.
Illustrated by N. C. WYETH
- ☐ GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES
Selected and illustrated by ELENORE ABBOTT
- ☐ PETER PAN IN KENSINGTON GARDENS
By J. M. BARRIE. Ill. by ARTHUR RACKHAM
- ☐ PETER AND WENDY
By J. M. BARRIE. Illustrated in black and white
by F. D. BEDFORD
- ☐ THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS
By J. FENIMORE COOPER
Illustrated by N. C. WYETH
- ☐ THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND
By JULES VERNE. Illustrated by N. C. WYETH
- ☐ THE BOY'S KING ARTHUR
By SIDNEY LANIER. Illustrated by N. C. WYETH
- ☐ Stevenson's THE BLACK ARROW
Illustrated by N. C. WYETH
- ☐ Stevenson's KIDNAPPED
Illustrated by N. C. WYETH
- ☐ Stevenson's TREASURE ISLAND
Illustrated by N. C. WYETH
- ☐ THE ARABIAN NIGHTS
Selected and edited by KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN
Illustrated by MAXFIELD PARRISS
- ☐ Stevenson's A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES
Illustrated by JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH
- ☐ POEMS OF CHILDHOOD
By EUGENE FIELD
Illustrated by MAXFIELD PARRISS
- ☐ LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY
By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT
Illustrated by R. B. BIRCH
- ☐ THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS
By KENNETH GRAHAM
Illustrated by NANCY BARNHART
- ☐ A LITTLE PRINCESS
By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT
Illustrated by E. F. BETTS
- ☐ HANS BRINKER
By MARY MAPES DODGE
Illustrated by GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS
- ☐ THE BOY EMIGRANTS
By NOAH BROOKS. Illustrated by H. J. DUNN
- ☐ EVERYCHILD
By LOUIS DODGE
Illustrated by BLANCHE FISHER LAITE
- ☐ THE SANDMAN'S FOREST
By LOUIS DODGE. Illustrated by PAUL BRANSON
- ☐ THE SANDMAN'S MOUNTAIN
By LOUIS DODGE. Illustrated by PAUL BRANSON
- ☐ HOW IT CAME ABOUT STORIES
By F. B. LINDERMAN. Illustrated by C. M. BOOG
- ☐ INDIAN OLD-MAN STORIES
By F. B. LINDERMAN. Ill. by C. M. RUSSELL
- ☐ INDIAN WHY STORIES
By F. B. LINDERMAN. Ill. by C. M. RUSSELL

You can buy these books at all bookstores

597 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

American Successes in Europe

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

AN English-speaking author is now the best-seller in central Europe. In fact, the names of two Americans lead all the rest. The newcomer who has, incidentally, broken all previous records, is Edgar Rice Burroughs and he is represented not by a single volume but by an imposing trilogy. There is scarcely a book-store in Germany, Switzerland and Austria which does not display the bold colors of "Tarzan bei den Affen" (Tarzan of the Apes), "Tarzans Rückkehr" (The Return of Tarzan), and "Tarzans Tiere" (The Beasts of Tarzan), and the fourth ("Tarzans Sohn") is announced for immediate publication. When the first of the series appeared, such of the sophisticated critics who deigned to notice it, labelled the book *typischer amerikanischer Kitsch* (typical American trash)—and within a month the book was being carried about by every matron and *Backfisch* on the Munich Kaufingerstrasse and the Viennese Graben. So great has been the success of these volumes that their popularity has been psychoanalyzed, with many erudite references to the "wish to turn back" and the "mechanism of escape." But an even more significant evidence of the general favor of these wild romances is the recent publication of "Tarzan hat geträumt" (Tarzan Dreamed), a parody which is announced as "not merely a burlesque of the famous hero but a criticism of modern culture." Sad to say, the improbable original remains far more popular than its more serious-minded take-off. A few suspiciously uncritical reviewers are beginning to speak of Burroughs as a new Jack London, who, by the bye, is still held in high esteem throughout Europe.

Second only to the affection for this ape-man (so strangely unlike his hairier cousin in Eugene O'Neill's play, which, parenthetically, Reinhardt is to produce in Vienna this season) is the continued fondness for the works of Upton Sinclair. The story of Sinclair's tremendous following on the continent, from Scandinavia to Italy, is not a new one. But never has Sinclair's popularity been greater than to-day—especially among the defeated nations who see in the author of "Jimmie Higgins," "100%," "Samuel the Seeker" and others (all of which can be had everywhere abroad in English as well as the language of the country) a spokesman for a different peace from the one they "enjoy." Even a book as old as "The Jungle" has a steady sale, not as an *exposé* of a certain phase of corruption in America but as a record of a period in the development of these times. Sinclair is read, with seemingly equal enjoyment, by European high-brows and low-brows. Neither class is disturbed by his style or his lack of it. The average reader relishes Sinclair for his directness, his energy, his lack of intellectual sententiousness; the *litterati*—men like Werfel, Kaiser, Toller—care for him not, they will tell you hastily, as an artist but as a writer who has something vital to say to everyone, who, in spite of errors in taste and proportion, is one of the courageous spirits of our day.

But it is not only in fiction and propaganda that the American visitor will recognize familiar names. In the "psychology of everyday," in "practical philosophy," he will find prophets more respected abroad than in their native states. In Freud's very city, the works of that trumpeter of success, Orison Swett Marden, are prominently displayed. There are six or seven of these "gospels of right living," of which the most readily consumed (I take the word of Vienna's leading bookseller) are "Die Macht des Gedankens" (The Power of Thought) and "Der Triumph der Willenskraft" (The Triumph of the Will). So great is Marden's appeal that another pragmatic "philosopher" has appeared as rival for his laurels. The fact that Prentice Mulford is almost unknown in the United States does not prevent his followers from acclaiming him as one of "America's leading thinkers." Mulford has only recently made his debut in the translations of Max Hayek, but the German-reading public already has its choice of three volumes: "Das Ende des Unfugs" (The End of Error), "Der Unfug des Lebens," "Der Unfug des Sterbens."

Apart from these importations, the success of the season is Franz Werfel's "Verdi," a work which seems destined to a longer life than most of the careful biographies of the Italian genius. It is at least eighty per cent fiction—not an ironically documented analysis in Strachey's manner but, as one might expect from so fiery a poet as Werfel, a brilliantly colored, deeply emotional series of climaxes. Its plot develops from the apocryphal attempt at a meeting between the

old Verdi and the triumphant newcomer Wagner—those two giants who changed the course of music for half a century—and is not so much a rehabilitation of the fecund Italian as a completely new portrait in the heroic manner. But a translation of this rich work is to appear shortly in America, at which time an appraisal will have more interest. Besides, I have wandered from my text.

Late this summer, a book-store in Frankfurt had a large window display of such of our authors as could be read in German. The window was divided in two parts. On one side, under a placard "The Old America," were translated volumes of Emerson, Poe, Longfellow, Mark Twain, Lafcadio Hearn, Walt Whitman. On the other side, "The New America," were piled German editions of Upton Sinclair, Edgar Rice Burroughs, Orison Swett Marden, Prentice Mulford, Myer's "History of Great American Fortunes," "My Life and Work" by Henry Ford. I could not learn whether the arrangement was the work of an ironic critic or merely an enterprising book-dealer. The German does not tell his trade-secrets to strangers. He did admit, however, that the new books were those which were *selling*!

Foreign Notes

FILIPPO DE FILIPPI, who organized and carried through the record-making expedition of the Duke of the Abruzzi to the Himalayas in 1909, and who acted as its historian, has now issued the third volume of a work recording the results of an expedition which he himself organized and led into the Himalayas in 1913-14. The first volume of "Storia della Spedizione Scientifica Italiana del Himalaia Caracorum e Turchestan" (Bologna: Zanichelli) contained a survey of the geographical and geodetical findings of the expedition, the second notes on the galciology, physical geography, geology, ethnology, fauna and flora, and the present one is a chronicle of the expedition itself. It is a well-written, vivid account of a carefully organized effort and of the experiences of those who carried it through. The book contains a large number of photographic panoramas, and illustrations.

Jean Giraudoux's latest novel, "Juliette au Pays des Hommes" (Paris: Emile-Paul), is a tale quite as charming as those that have preceded it, written with the grace, the subtlety and the understanding that characterized the others. It is the story of a girl who, about to be married to a country neighbor as well endowed with wealth, good looks and affection as herself, determines before dedicating herself to matrimony to discover for herself what other men are like. She goes to Paris, and there tracks down one after the other of the men she has heard other women speak of with enthusiasm, only to be disillusioned in regard to them in every instance, and eventually to return to the country to marry her neighbor.

The first two volumes of what is to be one of the most ambitious histories of art which the Germans have brought forth have recently made their appearance. They are "Die Kunst der Naturvolker und der Vorzeit," by Eckart von Sydow, and "Die Kunst der Fruhrenaissance in Italien," by Wilhelm von Bode (Berlin: Propylaen-Verlag). The books are admirable examples of what German art criticism can accomplish, balanced and informed in content, and in format, typography and wealth of illustrations no less excellent.

To the large number of works which the Ronsard centenary has called forth, another has now been added by Professor Gustave Cohen, of the University of Strasbourg. His "Ronsard, Sa Vie et Son Œuvre" (Paris: Boivin) is a study embodying the results of recent investigation and interpretation. It is well written and is altogether an illuminating piece of analysis.

There has recently been published in Poland a novel which has decided interest, less, however, as fiction than as a portrayal of political conditions in the country and for its interpretation of the peasant mind. The book, "Samoseki," by Adam Gyzymala-Siedlecki (Warsaw: Gebethner & Wolff) is specifically concerned with the problem of agrarian reform.

Ranks with Grimm's Fairy Tales!

TONY SARG'S BOOK FOR CHILDREN



(from 6 to 60!)



A Kid Book



that makes



everybody roar



with laughter!

TONY SARG certainly knows children—from the toddling tots to the child nature that still remains with most of us grown-ups!

Here, in this work—his masterpiece—he has lavishly poured from his pen the most appealing kid stuff you've ever seen between book covers!

There has never been a children's book so original or so elaborately illustrated and colored. Every one of its 144 big pages is just overflowing with comic sketches that send kiddies into fits of hearty laughter and will cause you to chuckle deeply yourself!

And the fables—Tony Sarg gives them a rich, humorous twist that youngsters will always associate with happy childhood hours, long after they've passed their 'teens. And the text of these fables is all hand-lettered!

Another feature of this unusual book is the real puppet show on the cover! There's a miniature stage—curtain and all—and 8 movable scenes! Have you ever heard of a book like this before?

BUY EARLY! Only a limited number of copies of this splendid Kiddie Book!

Although many extra copies of this wonderful book were printed in anticipation of lively Christmas buying, our stock and that of many bookstores is being exhausted quickly!

Those who are buying for youngsters have been so impressed with it, that sales are running two and three copies to a person! This is such an elaborate book that printers cannot produce another edition until after the holidays.

Don't miss your opportunity to give this ideal Christmas Gift—buy now! Step into any book or department store—they all sell Tony Sarg's Book for Children!

ONLY \$3.75
AT ALL BOOKSTORES
in spite of its Ten-dollar appearance!

GREENBERG, PUBLISHER, INC., NEW YORK

Announcement

Your belated Christmas shopping may be simplified to some extent by a judicious selection of good books. Here are a few which have won recognition for their interest, their value and their literary distinction.

Wherever there is a copy of THE SECOND EMPIRE, there, also, belong Philip Guedalla's two new books. Here is reading that actually stimulates. Here is style that defies comparison, for it is unlike any other. In A GALLERY, Guedalla first presents his own interpretations of a series of famous landscapes, and then, lets us know what he thinks of some of the most known contemporaries in literature and politics. He rounds out a delectable volume with some new sketches of Empress Eugenie, Marcel Proust and Lady Palmerston. In his other new volume, SUPERS AND SUPERMEN, we enjoy many a chuckle and many a gasp at the expense of "some historical superman," "some critics," "some peers" and "some revolutionaries." Each volume is \$2.50.



THE HERITAGE OF COTTON, by M. D. C. Crawford, is a book packed with the information of interest and importance to every economist... a résumé of cotton and its history, its influence, its uses, and so on... in short, a book as comprehensive in its way as THE GOLDEN BOUGH. And a book which is likewise a thing of beauty. \$7.50

The editor of *The London Spectator* is a gentleman (even an influence) known almost as well in America as in England. He is a regular contributor to such papers as *The New York Times*, *The Independent* and *The Forum*, and in the course of his rich and varied life has come to know most of the important living figures in the worlds of contemporary literature and politics. In *THE RIVER OF LIFE*, Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey has kept his memoirs of events, personalities and places day by day... a flowing record of thought, incident, philosophy and whims written with distinction and insight. To the sober sophisticated reader we can recommend this book as one that will give great satisfaction. \$5.00

FAR HARBORS, by Hubbard Hutchinson, is the ideal book for the traveler bound on a holiday trip around the world. A guide to such glamorous ports as Shanghai, Tahiti, Pago-Pago, Samoa, etc. Illustrated, \$3.75

THE LAND OF THE LAUGHING BUDDHA, by Upton Close, is a volume of especial interest at this time. It is a story of several years' adventure in modern China, of intrigue and escapade, told with humor and penetration. It is not the ordinary travel stuff and in view of the present chaos in China is an illuminating book filled with valuable information. Illustrated, \$3.50

These books are on sale everywhere
PUTNAM'S
2 WEST 45th STREET, NEW YORK

The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

WANDERINGS THROUGH ANCIENT ROMAN CHURCHES. By RODOLFO LANCIANI. Houghton Mifflin. \$7.50.

Belles Lettres

CONTEMPORARY FRENCH LITERATURE. By RENE LALOU. Knopf.

A HUDSON ANTHOLOGY. Arranged by EDWARD GARNETT. Dutton. \$3.

TRAGEDY. By W. MACNEILE DIXON. Longmans, Green. \$2 net.

THOMAS HARDY'S UNIVERSE. By ERNEST BRENNER, JR. Small, Maynard. \$3 net.

UNSCIENTIFIC ESSAYS. By FREDERIC WOOD JONES. Longmans, Green. \$2 net.

Biography

DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS. Deciphered by J. SMITH. With notes by Richard Lord Braybrooke. Dutton. 2 vols.

JOSEPH CONRAD. By FORD MADOX FORD. Little, Brown.

NAPOLEON: AN OUTLINE. By COLIN R. BALLARD. Appleton.

THOMAS CHANDLER HALIBURTON. By V. L. O. CHITTICH. Columbia University Press. \$4.

MARY STUART. By FLORENCE A. MACCUNN. Dutton.

FIELDS OF ADVENTURE. By ERNEST SMITH. Small, Maynard. \$6 net.

CARLYLE TO "THE FRENCH REVOLUTION." By DAVID ALEC WILSON. Dutton. \$5.

A NINETEENTH CENTURY CHILDHOOD. By MARY MACCARTHY. Doubleday, Page.

RANDOM LETTRES FROM MANY COUNTRIES. By JOHN GARDNER COOLIDGE. Marshall Jones. \$5.

Drama

THE SORCERESS. By VICTORIEN SARDOU. Four Seas.

GAS. By GEORG KAISSER. Small, Maynard. \$1.75 net.

A HISTORICAL AND BIBLIOGRAPHICAL SURVEY OF THE GERMAN RELIGIOUS DRAMA. By MAXIMILIAN J. RUDWIN. University of Pittsburgh.

CHARLES LAMB. By ALICE BROWN. Macmillan. \$1.75.

THE LIVING DRAMA. By NELLIE BURGET MILLER. Century. \$2.50.

Fiction

THE MAN IN THE BROWN SUIT. By AGATHA CHRISTIE. Dodd, Mead. 1924. \$1.

Although the structure of this novel follows the beaten track of the average machine made mystery story, its action, after the first fifty pages, maintains a swiftness of pace we have never seen surpassed. The elements we meet on this headlong spin through the realms of the improbable are murder, diamond robberies, mistaken identities, sinister intrigues by a super-villain, the love of an honest girl for an ill-used man who turns out to be somebody else, perils, hardships and adventures untold in the wilds of South Africa. There is a madly thrilling voyage from England to Cape Town, with all the leading characters, both the guilty and the upright, in conflict on shipboard over the business of seeking to unmask each other's true colors and motives. The rapidity with which violent and unexpected incidents accumulate grows occasionally excessive and bewildering, but the main thread of interest never sags, and the story, of its type, is a creditable production.

THIS ABOVE ALL. By HAROLD SPEAKMAN. Bobbs-Merrill. 1924. \$2.

Mr. Speakman's novel is another one of those tales wherein a young man "finds" himself after a "soul struggle." In this case, Garrison Spaulding, twenty, arrives in Greenwich Village from Paris, where he has been studying art. He shares quarters in Washington Square South with several roystering Bohemians and, after many hardships, goes to Chicago to instruct in an Art School. There he meets, and falls in love with, Stella Brooke. The war comes and he enlists. He returns again from France to the Square and begins to

gain some success as an advertising artist. His soul struggle begins when he finds that he is unable to do original work but must copy from the continental magazines—together with the fact that he has been seduced by a West End Avenue vampire. After a nervous breakdown he goes to a little village in the interior of China, where he finds himself. He achieves paintings which, upon his final return to New York, meet with immediate acclamation and sale: he marries Stella. Only in China he has suffered an injury to his right arm which might end his career—this is left in doubt. But above all he has vindicated himself in his own eyes.

Mr. Speakman inclines to bombast and lofty moralization. For this reason, chiefly, his characters fail to convince. Especially is this true of Stella and Garrie: the former is all too naive and pure, and the latter too much given to vows to be "clean." Greenwich Village is treated half in the mood of "La Bohème" and half in the nature of an exposé. In the whole Mr. Speakman's novel fails to reveal distinctive quality.

NIGHT FEARS. By L. P. HARTLEY. Putnam's. 1924.

The first of the seventeen stories in this book is almost a bull's-eye. Indeed, "The Island" misses being a thoroughly satisfying tale only in that one cannot follow the author in supposing that even in the illusory dimness of moonlight wavering in a big room, it would have been possible to mistake the face of the dead woman for that of the living man. And that is a penalty of the author's persistent insistence on being clever. The climax could have been achieved without this disconcerting strain on credulity. Still it is a fascinating story.

After that it is as if Mr. Hartley time and again went through an elaborate ritual of loading up and taking aim, or varied this with spectacular sudden shots from the hip, or while standing on the head, only to have some of them hit grotesquely wide of the mark, or even miss fire entirely, blank cartridges at the most, noisy but impotent. This book could, in fact, be dismissed in a sentence if it were not for the considerable skill of the author's manner, the considerable charm of his language. He knows how to say it—but after all has nothing to say. He has no concern with character, none with the dim movements of destiny. His men and women would not bleed if you cut them, and his incidents are rarely credible, and when credible, rarely important. His concern is with plots, weird, or clever, or subtle unusual situations, which generally fail either because there is no substance in them or because a perverse, pseudo-clever cryptic ending robs them of ultimate meaning, even of intelligibility.

MOTHER MASON. By BOSS STREETE. Arden. Appleton. 1924. \$1.75.

A story of family life without the cloying sentimentality that usually characterizes this type of fiction. It begins with "Mother Mason" whose endeavors to escape her self-appointed routine convince her that she would be less happy with no cares and ends with "Father" who, at fifty-nine, decided to sell out and retire but reconsiders—to his own and every one else's satisfaction.

The thread of adventure runs through the life of each of the seven members of the Mason family in turn. Even the "hired girl" has her chapter. While each member's story is treated separately, there is no detachment, no break in the idea of the family as a unit. Nor is there any doubt that this is a story of The Family: their relation to each other and to the community in which they live.

A story of kindness and humor, pleasantly told, of what we like to think of as typical American family life.

THE LOGGER. By SALONE ELLIS. Small, Maynard. 1924. \$2.

The wild west yarn appears to be taking on a sort of protective coloration, assimilating itself to the appearance of an historical romance or, as in this case, to a sociological novel. It is still a tale of the great big outdoors, of the wild woods thickly populated by sturdy male heroes and damsels in distress of one sort or another, but it is not content with being merely that. This one has a double theme: how the intruding

(Continued on next page)

BOOKS FOR

Christmas Gifts

JUST SUPPOSE that you could send your friend an experience like this:—

SUPPOSE

You could go down to London with Thomas Carlyle and meet with him all the literary leaders of his day? You do in

Carlyle to the French Revolution

Continuing the Story of Carlyle Till Marriage

By ALEC DAVID WILSON

The most important literary biography of the century.

Each vol., \$6.00

SUPPOSE

that an internationally famous economist should sit down with you night after night and tell you of the leaders of thought whom he had known, etching their portraits for you with shrewd dry Scotch wit.

JAMES MAVOR does this in **My Windows on the Streets of the World**

In two illustrated vols. \$10.00

SUPPOSE

that a man who had worked and suffered much to bring about Revolution in Russia should sit down and tell you how it came and why it failed and what it did to him, a university professor?

PITIRIM SOROKIN in **Leaves from a Russian Diary**

does exactly that. \$3.00

SUPPOSE

that a man to whom the pursuit of truth through study of the Bible meant so much that he could face ex-communication rather than surrender freedom of thought could tell you the story of his spiritual struggle?

ALFRED LOISY in **My Duel with the Vatican**

tells such a poignant story. \$5.00

SUPPOSE

You could sit by a camp-fire and listen to the drifting, sympathetic talk of a man who has gained the quiet spirit through which America should be interpreted? Such companionship you find in

JOSEPH H. ODELL'S **Unmailed Letters**

Stimulating, reflective. \$2.50

SUPPOSE

A Hindu born who sees India in the light of his heritage from the ages, yet who has been long enough in the western world to know your viewpoint, should explain to you with quiet charm the impasse of Gandhism and the life of modern India?

DHAN MUKERJI'S **My Brother's Face**

does exactly that. \$3.00

SUPPOSE

a distinguished naturalist, a poet, whose hands the English language is living, exquisite, and it is an inspiration could show you an English country side as he sees it.

EDWARD GARNETT'S **Anthology**

does this for you. \$3.00

SUPPOSE

you could have the pick of men of many nations and ages, a selection of the most robust, human examples of classic, medieval and modern literature, which to fill a book shelf of quality and interest.

The Broadway Translations

give you such a selection. Send for a list

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY
Publishers, 681 Fifth Ave., New York

GIFTS That Will Charm and Endure

DELIGHTFUL suggestions for Christmas gifts are contained in the new illustrated catalogue featuring standard books, printed on the famous Oxford India paper, bound in beautiful leathers, in a variety of colors, and obtainable at moderate cost direct from your own bookseller or from the publishers.

Send for a copy to-day

Oxford University Press

American Branch 35 W. 32d St.
New York

B. W. Huebsch, Inc. ORDER LIST

A STORY TELLER'S STORY Sherwood Anderson

"The most significant book of the year."
—N. Y. Evening Post.
Second printing. \$3.00.

THE SHORT STORY'S MUTATIONS Frances Newman

Brilliant and scholarly. Contains sixteen epochal tales. \$2.50.

THE MASTERS OF MODERN ART Walter Pach

For layman and connoisseur. With 36 plates and an etching. \$3.50.

ONE HUNDRED DRAWINGS A. Walkowitz

With introductions by John Weichsel, Chas. Vildrac, Willard Huntington Wright and Henry McBride. Limited edition, quarto. \$10.00.

WHERE GREEN LANES END Helen Swift

A nature book of restful charm. Second printing. \$1.50.

LEONID ANDREYEV Alexander Kaun

A comprehensive study of the man and of Russian literature in his period. With portrait; octavo. \$3.50.

MEXICO Carleton Beals

A comprehensive study, with data on people, history and current problems. \$2.50.

THE NEW VISION in the GERMAN ARTS Herman George Scheffauer

An orientation in Germany's achievements in film, theatre, poetry, architecture, etc. \$2.00.

DRAMAS, Volume VIII Gerhart Hauptmann

Three recent poetic plays of compelling beauty. Translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. \$2.50.

TUTANKHAMEN and AFTER William Ellery Leonard

Poems for lovers of truth and beauty. \$1.50.

THE FREEMAN BOOK

A selection from *The Freeman*, for four years a model of wit, wisdom and good English. \$3.00.

JAMES JOYCE—His First Forty Years Herbert S. Gorman

All that seems mysterious and incomprehensible about the man and his "Ulysses" is made clear in this critical biography. \$2.00.

VIENNESE MEDLEY Edith O'Shaughnessy

The spirit of Vienna and its joys and woes, in a fiction for those who enjoy a story told with art. \$2.00.

Indicate books desired, and send list to your bookseller.

THIS MARK



Or order c. o. d. from
B. W. HUEBSCH,
Inc.
30 Irving Place
New York
ON GOOD BOOKS

The New Books Fiction

(Continued from preceding page)

altruist employer (from Chicago) uplifted the lumberjack by treating him fairly, by providing baths, and limiting his whiskey supply, and how the "shy" wood flower maiden, "Posey," acquired culture and eventually married the altruist. Posey must be called shy, because the "blurb" says so, and the author seems to think so, but she makes her debut by "bounding up and down on her hat in blind rage" swearing like a trooper, and then she immediately tells the story of her life to the stranger altruist, five minutes after meeting him. The whole performance is painfully crude, but there are some redeeming incidental passages in the sketches of the "roughneck" lumbermen themselves. Some of these have an air of truthfulness and occasionally a touch of broad humor.

HIS SECOND VENTURE. By MRS. BAILLIE REYNOLDS. Doran. 1924. \$2.

This is frankly a sentimental story based on the familiar plot of a fascinating man who marries a woman he dislikes and later sues for the love he has scorned.

Colonel Carfrae Caron is the romantic husband. Valery, his awkward, undeveloped young wife, is an appealing figure, but her mother's heartlessness and Caron's early brutality are overdrawn. The children are amusingly modern.

Although the solution is never really in doubt, nevertheless the author has cleverly piled up obstacles that prevent a perfect reconciliation and sustain the suspense till the final chapter. Her book will appeal to readers of light fiction.

The October number of *The Bookman's Journal* comes to us this month in an enlarged and improved form. There has been no particular change in its editorial policy—the changes consisting mainly of more pages, better paper and more illustrations. This admirable publication has attained a very high place in the book collecting world and these improvements will add greatly to its prestige.

THE GOLDEN JOURNEY OF MR. PARADYNE. By WILLIAM J. LOCKE. Dodd, Mead. 1924. \$1.75.

This is a short story of Locke's which lately appeared in a certain popular magazine. It is attractively bound, printed and illustrated, but is decidedly meagre in substance. The most charming thing about it is the illustrations in color and black and white by Marcia Love Foster. They are decidedly out of the class of this hazy and lazily written narrative which seems to possess no particular reason for being.

THE DRAM-SHOP (L'Assommoir). By EMILE ZOLA. Translated by ERNEST A. VIZETELLY. A. & C. Boni. 1924.

"The Dram-Shop" made Zola famous. Vizetelly's translation (published and at once suppressed many years ago) remains definitive. The Bonis are now for the first time making Zola's complete works, in twenty uniform volumes, available in this country. This season they publish both "The Dram-Shop" and "Germinal."

JIM MAITLAND. By H. C. McNEILE. Doran. 1924. \$2.

This book is a thriller, and will prove a boon to those readers looking for excitement. Hair breadth escapes that border upon tragedy occur in every chapter; there are twelve in all, except the last, which is pure comedy. The book might well be called a series of short stories, for each chapter might really be taken by itself and remain a unit.

Jim Maitland is the sort of character that probably nearly everyone at some time or other would like to be. Whatever may be the variety or kind of adventure you may like, whether it be rescuing an abandoned girl in a wild dance hall or whether it is hunting down a maniac as you would hunt a savage beast or blowing up a yacht with dynamite, you will find it in this chronicle of his experiences.

THE HISTORY OF TOM JONES. By HENRY FIELDING. Knopf. 1924.

It is entirely natural that Alfred Knopf has now added to the Borzoi classics the illustrious history of Fielding's Tom Jones. The book is beautifully printed and bound in two volumes and bears a most interesting introduction by Professor Wilbur Cross, the Fielding authority in this country. Professor Cross discusses Fielding not as

"The Father of the English Novel," but rather as the discoverer, as Fielding himself said, of "a new province" of fiction. The story-teller of merit, he avers, is in line with Defoe. The psychological novelist stems from Richardson. Fielding wrought the novel of disguised reminiscence and rich experience of life on the loom of invented plot, forerunners Dickens and Thackeray and De Morgan and Bennett in our own time.

To take, as did Fielding, the most interesting experiences of a varied career, and to mould them, without the perversion of their essential truth, to the requirements of a rather intricate plot, was an artistic triumph of the first order. No one had ever done that before in a novel.

In Sophia Western, says Professor Cross, we have a heroine who "long before the enfranchisement of her sex . . . fought out the first great battle." And we have the extraordinarily vital figure of Jones himself, a mixture of fine qualities and animal impulses, with Square and Thwackum as commenting chorus to his acts. The essays that preface each book of "Tom Jones" are also dwelt upon. Scott would have sacrificed the novel itself in preference to these essays. Cross commends them. He commends "Tom Jones" itself as "without doubt . . . the most complete picture we have of the social life midway in the eighteenth century. It is the great novel of the age of George the Second."

Modern readers should be glad of this new and attractive edition of one of the true classics.

THE SHORTER TALES OF JOSEPH CONRAD. Doubleday, Page. 1924.

Here in one beautifully bound volume we have the opportunity to renew our acquaintance with Joseph Conrad's briefer stories. The copyrights go back as far as 1902 and the preface, dated "Oswalds, 1924," is of particular interest at the present time. Eight tales in all are included; in the first part "Youth," "The Secret Sharer," "The Brute" and "To-Morrow"; in the second part "Typhoon," "Because of the Dollars," "The Partner," and "Falk." The fine flower of twenty years!

When the idea of selecting stories for this volume was broached it caused some hesitation on the part of Mr. Conrad, as he here testifies. He felt that each of his short-story volumes had a certain consistent unity. He felt strongly that there was always "a consistency characteristic, in its nature, of a certain period of my literary production," in these progressive sets of tales, as illustrated by that earliest volume, "Tales of Unrest," and "A Set of Six" and "Within the Tides." Therefore, his hesitation at removing any particular story from the group of which it seemed to him an integral part.

And this the more because their grouping was never the result of a preconceived plan. It "just happened!" And things that "just happen" in one's work seem impressive and valuable because they spring from sources profounder than the logic of a deliberate theory suggested by acquired learning, let us say, or by lessons drawn from analyzed practice.

This remark seems to us, indeed, an enlightening comment upon Conrad's whole method of writing. He goes on to say that he suspects that what a man most values in his own work "is precisely the part the general mystery of things plays in its shaping." Certainly, it is what Conrad most valued and most stressed.

As to the principle of selection which Conrad desired to apply to his briefer tales for the purpose of this volume, he eventually decided upon classification by subject, but this principle proved difficult of application. And here he interpolates the remark that he has "written of the sea very little if the pages were counted. It has been the scene but very seldom the aim of my endeavor." He aimed at something greater than being a mere sea-writer. But to return to the unity he desired to give the present book, he explains that the central figure of each is a seaman presented "either in the relations of his professional life with his own kind, or in contact with landmen and women, and embroiled in the affairs of that larger part of mankind which dwells on solid earth." He felt that to call the book "Studies of Seamen" would not only have been pretentious but misleading. His dividing of the volume into two parts is explained by his desire to give prominence to the stories which begin each section, the autobiographical "Youth," and "Typhoon." The first part also, he explains, deals with younger, the second with older men. Here, then, is a gallery of peculiar interest to the Conradian, an array of eight remarkable stories, now almost classic, with a truly revelatory preface.

THE TREBLE CLEF. By EDWARD C. BOOTH. Dodd, Mead. \$2.50.

Speaking of Books

For Christmas

give one of the seven editions of *The New Testament: An American Translation* by Edgar J. Goodspeed. The prices range from \$1.50 to \$5.00, and there are several styles of attractive bindings to select from.

POPULAR EDITION

□ Pocket size, cloth binding, thin paper, marginal verse numbers for comparison, \$1.50.

POCKET EDITION

Genuine India paper, marginal verse numbers for comparison, □ cloth, \$2.50; □ leather, \$3.50; □ morocco, \$4.50. (Leather and morocco, boxed.)

REGULAR EDITION

On Century book paper, □ cloth, \$3.00; □ leather, \$4.00; □ morocco, \$5.00. (Leather and morocco, boxed.)

At all dealers, or, with ten cents for postage, from

THE
University of Chicago Press
CHICAGO

For Christmas



Two
Beautiful
Garden Books

BEAUTIFUL GARDENS IN AMERICA

By Louise Shelton

This new and much enlarged edition of a distinguished volume, first issued in 1914, is virtually a new book, containing as it does 195 new views and taking fully into account the development of landscape art in the last decade. There are eleven subjects in color and 274 photographic illustrations. \$10.00

GARDENS: A Notebook of Plans and Sketches

By J. C. N. Forestier

Translated from the French, with introduction and notes, by Helen Mergenthal Fox.

The author of this charming book is one of the foremost landscape architects of Europe. He deals here chiefly with the small French garden, going into exact detail and illustrating lavishly with drawings and plans. This is the first adequate presentation to American readers of the small French garden. \$12.00

At bookstores or from
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS,
NEW YORK

MARIA CHAPDELAINE. By LOUIS HEMON. Macmillan. \$2.50.

THE SINS OF THE FATHERS. By GEORGE GISHING. Parnell. \$4.

THE MAN EATER. By HENRY MILNER. Rinehart. \$1.50 net.

THE ENCHANTED WANDERER. By NICOLAI LYSEKOV. McBride. \$2.50 net.

LIBERATION. By ISABEL OSTRANDER. McBride. \$2 net.

THE MAN WHO PLUNDERED THE CITY. By SVEN ELVESTAD. McBride. \$2 net.

DON JUAN MANUEL. Translated by JAMES YORK. Dutton. \$3.

SIMPLICISSIMUS. Translated by A. T. S. GOODRICK. Dutton. \$5.

JOE, SON OF BATTLE. By ALFRED OLLIVANT. Doubleday. \$3.50 net.

THE QUIANT COMPANIONS. By LEONARD MERRICK. Dutton. \$1.90.

INNOCENT DESIRES. By E. L. GRANT WATSON. Boni & Liveright.

MESSALINA. By VIVIAN CROCKETT. Boni & Liveright. \$3.

THE BEST FRENCH SHORT STORIES OF 1923-24, and the YEARBOOK OF THE FRENCH SHORT STORY. Edited by RICHARD EATON. Small, Maynard. \$2.50 net.

THE BEST CONSTRUCTED SHORT STORIES OF 1923-24, and the YEARBOOK OF THE CONTINENTAL SHORT STORY. Edited by RICHARD EATON. \$2.50 net.

DIANA OF KARA-KARA. By EDGAR WALLACE. \$2 net.

ON BOARD THE "MORNING STAR." By PIERRE MACORLAN. A. & C. Boni. \$2 net.

Foreign

LA TERRE DE VISION. By ROBERT VALERY-RADOT. Paris: Perrin. (Brentano's: 75 cents.)

L'ILLUSTRE PARTONNEAU. By PIERRE MILLE. Paris: Michel. (Brentano's: 75 cents.)

CLARO DE LUNA. By LUIS DE VAE. Madrid: Samper. (Brentano's: \$1.)

Juvenile

WONDER TALES FROM FAR AWAY. By FREDERICK H. MARTENS. McBride. 1924. \$2.50.

An alluring volume! A deep scarlet bag full of brilliant, glistening gems, representing every color and texture of fable and legend and saga. It is hard for even the most sedulous digger after new fairy tales to avoid shadowing old favorites now and then; but there is comparatively little repetition in the book. New nuggets of fancy such as "Brave Little Kombe," "Why One Cannot See the Sun's Whole Face" and "One That is Dead Kills Two and Two That Are Dead Kill Forty" peep temptingly at us from the broad pages and every foreign country is triumphantly represented by one or more of its best tales. A goodly company for Christmas Day, the tree and the open fire!

WITCH'S HOLLOW. By A. W. BROOK. London: A. & C. Black. 1924. \$2.50. Every true English fairy tale should have

a forest in it! So, of course does this one, —a forest with a witch's hollow and three witches, a hunchback, a black cat and three little children! Surely the stake is set for a tragedy! But there are redeeming features, bluebells, and moral fairies, and a good cottage atmosphere offsetting the black spells of the witches. Altogether a nice story, in which the realistic and home-like elements of child-life join hands with the romantic and bogeyish ones, both sides playing up to each other in fine style. For children from five to nine.

THE RANGER OF THE SUSQUEHANNOCK. By REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFMAN. Penn. 1924. \$2.50.

One cannot do better, in trying to give an idea of this delectable yarn, than to quote the outline furnished by the narrator of it, himself, in his own introduction. He speaks as a grandfather, writing, in 1781, an account of his adventures for his grandchildren:

I must tell a stormy story with more blood shed in it than I hope my grandchildren will ever see. I must tell of the Pimpled Man and the slavers, of the highwayman on the Wilderness Road, and of how I was sold for £2 sterling. There is the contents of my Uncle Simon's strong box to be revealed, as I spied it by the light of a flickering candle in the shadowy attic. There is the hammering on the door in the dead of that wild night when I began my adventures with an outlaw . . . and the murder of Knowles Daunt. Fight follows fight and pursuit is always close to capture. The Border War, my imprisonment . . . and peril by flood and fire all have their place in the history.

And if that isn't enough to arouse the appetite of any real human boy—up to, let us say, the age of ninety—it may be added that chapter two contains a "mutiny on the high seas" and that the above summary touches only the high spots of a full bodied, robust story that runs to nearly three hundred large pages, with "something doing" all the time. More critical readers may also note that Mr. Kauffman has much of the historical imagination: the story is not merely well costumed and expertly stage-managed, but also soundly imagined. It opens in the '30's of the eighteenth century and is built about an intrigue which threatened the welfare of the Pennsylvania colony. Mr. Kauffman has made excellent use of the picturesque material at his disposal in this choice of time and place. Although it must be technically listed as a "juvenile" and although it is throughout a live boy's story its appeal is much wider than that, as a finely swinging historical romance. Mr. DeLand's illustrations, including a frontispiece in color, call for a note of approval: such good work is unhappily a great rarity in current book illustration.

THE NEW MOON. By CORNELIA MEIGS. Macmillan. 1924.

His youthful brain filled with wild, sweet tales of The Little People, and a silver sixpence for good luck in his pocket, motherless Dick Martin emigrated from Ireland. A new moon foretold luck. Apprenticed to Garrity, a sheep raiser, and

accompanied by his collicie, Dick reaches America.

Garrity seeks the Iowa lands for his sheep, and on the toilsome journey discovers the invaluable services of the dog and his young master. They settle beyond the Mississippi, not far from an Indian village. Dick becomes fast friends with Mateo, an Indian boy of his own age. This cements an everlasting friendship with the tribe.

Striking examples illustrate Dick's bravery and loyalty through pioneer hardships and thrilling dangers. A wholesome story, interesting and inspiring.

SUMMER AT CLOVERFIELD FARM. By HELEN FULLER ORTON. Stokes. 1924. \$1.

THE A B C CIRCUS. By DIXIE WILLSON. The same. \$1.

Here are two small books for equally small readers. The first is a series of extremely simple illustrated stories of home life on a farm, carrying the same family characters throughout—horse, dog, father, mother and children. Both the material and the language are of utmost simplicity, but each chapter describes some small event of sufficient interest for a child. A tinge of sentimentality threatens, but is negligible. One advantage of the book is that it will be found excellent for a child who is learning to read and wants to work alone at a "real story."

"The A B C Circus" is a collection of diminutive chapters each of which has its opening word headed by a letter of the alphabet in due order. These headings are done in charmingly decorative designs by Erick Berry, gaily colored in red, black and white. The story is of the surprising old man who planted circus seeds in the children's garden, and of the delightful results that followed. The alphabetical end is decidedly a small appendage to the little book. The child's eye will be delighted by the quaint letter-pictures, but not always clearly led to the capitals contained therein. However, there are plenty of more educational alphabet-teachers! Why not enjoy this one for its charm?

THE CHILDREN'S BOOK OF CELEBRATED BUILDINGS. By LORINDA MUNSON BRYANT. Century. 1924. \$2.50.

THE BOOK OF SAINTS FOR THE YOUNG. By LUCY MENZIE. Boston: The Medici Society. 1924.

To the usual list of famous buildings of Europe, Asia and Africa, Lorinda M. Bryant has added half a dozen names of structures of our Atlantic states. The book represents an interesting collection of photographs with an explanatory story attached to each. "The Book of Saints for the Young" is illustrated in color reproductions of the world's greatest masters, and is truly a gorgeous affair. These are essentially picture books of a new type for children, executed with taste. The text is relatively unimportant. The pictures of saints deserve especial commendation.

(Continued on next page)

Less than two weeks to Christmas! Shop early, and don't forget that books make appreciated gifts. For a man or a woman we suggest these life stories and reminiscences of distinguished people of the stage, of politics and the literary world.



CLYDE FITCH AND HIS LETTERS, by Montrose J. Moses and Virginia Gerson, will appeal to men and women who are interested in the stage and its people and who never have the opportunity to go back of the scenes and see what happens when playwright, manager and actors get together. With 26 illustrations and 3 fac-simile letters. \$4.00



Give the Stevenson "fan" a set of ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: A Critical Biography, by J. A. Steuart—frank, unbiased, and based in part on facts just brought to light. With photogravure frontispieces. Second printing. 2 vols. \$8.00



Every lover of the Sherlock Holmes stories will enjoy reading this fascinating life story of his creator—MEMORIES AND ADVENTURES, by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. With illustrations from photographs. \$4.50



For those interested in the turf and the stage we suggest THE TRUTH AT LAST, by Sir Charles Hawtrey, famous racing man and "the most finished actor of his time." Edited, with an introduction, by W. Somerset Maugham. With numerous illustrations. \$5.00



Every lover of Conrad will want a copy of JOSEPH CONRAD: A Personal Remembrance, by his long-time friend, Ford Madox Ford (Ford Madox Hueffer), who collaborated with Joseph Conrad in the writing of "Romance," "The Inheritors" and "The Nature of a Crime." Second printing. \$2.50



Cosmo Hamilton's caricature of Lytton Strachey, one of twelve appearing in his UNWRITTEN HISTORY, containing sparkling reminiscences of notabilities from Philip Gibbs to Rudolph Valentino, from Mrs. Asquith to Mary Pickford. \$4.00

For sale at all Booksellers

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY
Publishers, 34 Beacon Street, Boston

"The most wholly delightful set of memoirs likely to be found this season."

How I Discovered America

The Confessions of the Marquis Boni de Castellane

THE CHICAGO EVENING POST SAYS:

"The most arrogant and malicious, the most tactful and wholly delightful set of memoirs likely to be found this season."

"The book is a joy if only for the toes on which it treads, all the figures of the American scene on whom it passes judgment in a typically foreign fashion. There are many worthy people, Drama Leaguers, Rotarians, D. A. R.'s, who will be shocked and pained by the Marquis, but surely there is an increasing number who will recognize the thumbnail sketches of themselves and, recognizing, will laugh."

"Boni de Castellane is never solemn and never pompous, but always unblushingly self-confident, in a wholly delightful fashion. There must be no question of your sense of humor if you read this *chronique scandaleuse*."

Octavo, cloth, gold stamped, illustrated, \$5.00

An Ideal Gift



THE PROPHET

By KAHIL GIBRAN

A prose poem by a Syrian poet, philosopher and artist, who lives in New York. It has been one of the best selling books of poetry published during the past year. Month by month its sale continues with undiminished vigor.

"If there is a man or woman who can read this without quiet acceptance of a great man's philosophy and a singing in the heart as of music born within, that man or woman is indeed dead to life and truth."—*The Chicago Post*.

"There is a great deal of beauty and imaginative power in Mr. Gibran's pages which sink into the consciousness with a kind of Oriental hush that is captivating. The temper is as the poet is, Syrian, the greatest poet of the Near East."—*The Boston Transcript*. With twelve remarkable illustrations by the author that are really an integral part of the text.

At your bookshop \$2.00

ALFRED A. KNOPF, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York

THE RIGHT BOOKS for EVERY CHILD



THE GREAT BRAN
There is No Ship That Can Hold Him

THE ISLAND OF THE MIGHTY

Stories of Celtic Britain, retold in one thrilling tale of heroic youth, by Padraic Colum. \$2.25
The key books for every child's library are the great epics of the world. As retold in prose by the poet Padraic Colum, they make the most important contribution to literature for young people, of our time.

The Children's Homer
The Adventures of Odysseus
and the Tale of Troy. \$2.00

The Golden Fleece
And the Heroes who came be-
fore Odysseus. \$2.00

The Children of Odin
The Children's book of North-
ern Myths. \$2.00
Each beautifully illustrated in
line and color, with reinforced
bindings.



THE SPRITE

The Story of a Red Fox. By
Ernest Harold Baynes. \$1.75

This true tale of the friendship
of a man and a beautiful red
fox, will appeal to young
people of all ages. Illustrated
with many photographs taken
by the author and Mrs.
Baynes. Foreword by Dallas
Lore Sharp.

The stories of animal life by
this popular lecturer and
author are exact records of his
experience with these animals
on his farm near Meriden, New
Hampshire. They are humor-
ous and moving; they teach
people of all ages the right
attitude toward animals.

POLARIS

The Story of an Eskimo Dog. \$1.60

JIMMIE

The Story of a Black Bear Cub. \$1.60

Dorothy Canfield Fisher writes:
"You have given Jimmy and
me some delicious moments
with those two lovely books.
It is a delight to read to a
child any book which makes
him so open-mouthed with
pleasure as the Colum book,
THE ISLAND OF THE
MIGHTY; and I don't know
which of the two of us enjoyed
most the Sprite photographs.
Thank you so much for them.
Quote me as enthusiastic for
them, if it will steer any more
parents their way."

Many other interesting suggestions for
parents in the graded list, Macmillan
Books for Boys and Girls. Ask for it at
your booksellers.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
New York, Boston, Atlanta, Chicago, Dallas,
San Francisco

The New Books Juvenile

(Continued from preceding page)

THE LITTLE FAIRY SISTER. By IDA
RENTOL OUTHWAITE and GRENBY
OUTHWAITE. Dutton. 1924. \$3.

This third one of the Outhwaite books
resembles the other two very closely in its
rainbow-like ethereal charm. A distinct
brightness and delicacy hangs about the ad-
ventures of the small girl, Bridget, who
takes her twin sister, Nancy's place in
Fairland. These qualities give lure to a
story not otherwise particularly original
but full of elfin atmosphere, talking birds,
snuggly rabbits and bears, and a most fas-
cinating merman who lives in a bell-shaped
house at the bottom of a pond and con-
tributes dramatic atmosphere. Read the
book ye twins and all ye little sisters, and
pray for fairy dreams!

SQUIFFER. By HAL GARROTT. Illus-
trations by Dugald Walker. McBride.
1924. \$2.50.

This book which is as jolly and varied
as one day and every day in a real squirrel's
life, keeps us racing and chasing through a
kaleidoscopic series of antics. Yes, kaleido-
scopic is the word. They change color so
constantly that our head gets dizzy with
following them. But the children's will
not, oh no! And how they will squeal over
the first five chapters concerning that ador-
able and patient Bear whom the cruel Step-
mother Squirrel used first as a rug and then
as a dynamo for washing machines and
vacuum cleaners. Squiffer is a winsome,
original little beastie who makes his own
way,—a real addition to Fairland,—and
Dugald Walker's pictures complete his
charm.

The author of the volume is lecturer in
economics and political science at University
College of South Wales, Cardiff.

GIRLHOOD STORIES OF FAMOUS
WOMEN. By KATHERINE DUNLAP
CATHER. Century. 1924. \$1.75.

Among the more unusual and satisfying
girls' books of the season should be noted
this volume by Katherine Dunlap Cather.
Its appeal will not be limited to girls, but
it should probably be set down in that cate-
gory. The stories rest "on a foundation of
fact and legend" and hence have distinct
informative value, but the combination of
this with a quality of charm and sustained
interest is the noteworthy feature of the
book. The dramatic values of the narra-
tives are realized in a lively and yet simple
style which appeals at once to the reader.
The historical backgrounds, too, are sug-
gestively sketched. They are drawn chiefly
from medieval Europe, with glimpses also
of Tudor England and revolutionary
France, and one of colonial Virginia. The
heroines, with one or two exceptions, are
not those whose names would spring to
mind as historically famous. They are
rather chosen because they have an appeal-
ing or dramatic story of their own which
at the same time has had a distinct bear-
ing upon the course of history or art, either
directly or through some more famous third
party. This is a good point of departure,
and the resulting achievement is very sat-
isfactory.

THIS WAY TO CHRISTMAS. By RUTH
SAWYER. Illustrated by MAGNINEL
WRIGHT BARNEY. Harpers. 1924.

This is a charming story, rather lengthy,
of eight-year-old David sent to stay in the
hill country with Johanna, his old nurse.
David's scientist-father rushed off to the
East to hunt an unknown bacillus. His
mother was forced to accompany her hus-
band to see that he wore his rubbers at the
proper time.

Johanna cheers the lonely boy with stories
of "the locked-out fairy." In tramping
the winter woods, in making friends with
the German flagman, with the negro violinist
and other lonely folk, David valiantly re-
sisted unhappiness and discovered that
Christmas "lies in the hearts and memories
of good folk."

Tales of fairy lore abound, subtly per-
suasive. In the end Father sends David a
big Christmas gift.

A LIFE OF CHRIST FOR YOUNG PEOP-
LE. By HAROLD B. HUNTING. Minton,
Balch. 1924. \$2.

This book has been written with utter
sincerity of purpose and with a thorough
knowledge of the subject at hand. The
success of such a book must always depend
upon experiment—actual reading to or by

children. The auspices for this last of
many children's lives of Christ seem excel-
lent. The adult must approve it.

STORIES TOLD TO CHILDREN. By
MICHAEL FAIRLESS. Holt. 1924. \$2.

From Michael Fairless's caressing pen
slip four fairy tales of the good old sort
but of unequal value. Like a basket of
peaches, the best comes first.

In "The Dreadful Griffin," one visu-
alizes breathless children, eager-faced,
bright-eyed, tensely watching the fascinating
lips from which glide these marvelous ad-
ventures.

Behold a Princess, likewise a Captain of
the Guard who rescues her from the mon-
ster's rage by carrying her off to a castle
guarded by forty-seven white cats. Now
when the writer learned that the lovely
Princess was guarded by cats, she was
panic-stricken. Who ever heard of a cat
winning the Croix-de-Guerre for bravery!

And after surprising adventures, ending
with the cats receiving a blue shower-bath
which petrified them, the Dreadful Griffin
reached his prey. But at that lucky mo-
ment a passing fairy turned the Princess
into a flea nestling in a tabby's fur. The
Griffin dies. The tabby and the flea revert
to their former estate of Prince and Princess.
They marry. They are forever happy.

In the remaining tales sylvan surround-
ings enhance the effect, and the moral like
a golden thread is enmeshed in the fabric.

WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG. By
A. A. MILNE. Illustrated by ERNEST H.
SHEPARD. Dutton. 1924. \$2.

Quite one of the most delightful books
for very small children (and for their
elders who get a surreptitious joy from
what is meant for their little ones) is this
volume in which Mr. Milne's gay jingles
have found a worthy accompaniment in the
charming illustrations of Mr. Shepard. Mr.
Milne has a happy faculty for seizing upon
the trifles that evoke the interest of children,
a merry fancy, and metrical facility, and
his slight verses are always captivating. So,
too, are the spirited drawings with which
Mr. Shepard has accompanied them. Their
book is one that should prove a boon to the
Christmas shopper.

NORWEGIAN FAIRY TALES. Trans-
lated from the collection of Asbjørnsen
and Moe by HELEN and JOHN GADE.
New York: American-Scandinavian Founda-
tion. 1924. \$2.

This neat little volume, in red cloth with
gilt top and reinforced shelf-back, is
one of the Scandinavian Classics, the format
of which was designed by D. B. Updike.
We do not know that "Norwegian Fairy
Tales" could be called a book for children,
for in such stories as "The Smith Who
Could Not Get Into Hell" there is nothing
that would arrest the childish mind, nor
would it satisfy juvenile imagination. In
translating these selections from Asbjørnsen
and Moe, the Gades have wished to offer
an acquaintance with Norwegian folklore
in a rendering as close as possible to the
original, and in Norway they were, of
course, told among the peasants just as in
our own more enlightened day shady stories
are bandied about as our only means of
expression. The jongleur and the garrulous
peasant alike were actuated by the same
purpose: to relieve boredom. But the fables,
and some of the fairy tales, are on the
child's level to a certain degree, so that the
parent who stumbles across this book need
not feel that his money has been badly spent.
The tale of "Soria Moria Castle," indeed,
occurs in Andrew Lang's "Red Fairy Book."
A comparison of the Gade translation with
that made by Lang's henchman shows the
former to be incomparably superior.

Violent, amusing, unconventional and
briskly told, these folk tales of trolls and
heroes and princesses and blacksmiths and
talking animals are worth looking into.

THE DUMAS FAIRY BOOK. New York:
Frederick Warne & Co. 1924. \$2.50.

This selection consists of four stories,
translations of "La Bouillie de la Comtesse
Berthe," "La Jeunesse de Pierrot," "Les
Etoiles Commis-Voyageurs" and "Voyage à
la Lune." These are not of the tales that
Dumas more or less translated from Ander-
sen and Grimm. Harry A. Spurr, author of
"The Life and Writings of Alexandre Du-
mas," tells us in his preface to this volume
that "Countess Bertha's Honey-Feast" was
probably told him by his friend Gérard de
Nerval, who accompanied him to the Rhine-
land in 1838. "When Pierrot Was Young"
and "The Adventures of Seven Stars Upon
Earth" came out in Dumas's paper, *La
Mousquetaire*. In the composition of the lat-
ter Dumas collaborated with Saphir, a Ger-
man humorist. "A Trip to the Moon" is

BOOKS for GIFTS

OLD NEW YORK

Four superb novels in gift box.
\$5.00.

Edith Wharton

These are Appleton Books

ARIEL

Andre Maurois' much discussed
biography. \$2.50

The Life of Shelley

This is an Appleton Book

RUGGED WATER

The best novel yet by the man
who never disappoints. \$2.50

Joseph C. Lincoln

This is an Appleton Book

ABBE PIERRE

A new illustrated gift edition of
the famous novel. \$3.00

Jay William Hudson

This is an Appleton Book

Sunlight and Song

The autobiography of the famous
Prima Donna. \$3.00.

Maria Jeritza

This is an Appleton Book

The History of the United States Army

The complete history of the Army
from 1775 to 1923. \$5.

Major W. A. Ganoe

This is an Appleton Book

A Harp in the Winds

Joyous lyrics of City, The Sea and
The Road. \$1.25.

Daniel Henderson

This is an Appleton Book

NINA

Susan Ertz's new novel. \$2.50

By the author of
Madame Claire

This is an Appleton Book

HUMAN ORIGINS

A study of prehistoric man. Two
volumes. \$10.00.

George Grant MacCurdy

This is an Appleton Book

23 STORIES

A thrill in every one. \$2.50.

Twenty and Three
Authors

This is an Appleton Book

A Painter's Anthology

Choice poems interpreted by
artist in his painting. \$7.50.

Arthur Watts

This is an Appleton Book

For Sale at All Booksellers
An illustrated catalog of
books and authors will be sent
upon request.

D. APPLETON & CO.
35 W. 32nd St., New York

BOOKS IN BRIEF FOR CHRISTMAS BUYERS

UNCENSORED RECOLLECTIONS

ANONYMOUS. These intimate and audacious memoirs are the literary tidbit of the season. They have proved an international sensation, and eight printings have already been necessary to satisfy the demand here and abroad. \$4.50

SEEING CANADA

By John T. Faris
A tour through the land of moose and salmon, from Cape Breton to the Rockies. Completes Dr. Faris' popular American Travel Series, now covering every section of the United States and Canada. Frontispieces in color, 150 fine illustrations. \$6.50

RE-CREATIONS

By Grace Livingston Hill
This diverting romance makes an ideal gift for old and young, for with entertaining freshness and vivacity it tells just the kind of love story every one likes at heart. \$2.00

SPANISH GARDENS AND PATIOS

By Mildred Stapley Byne and Arthur Byne
Spanish gardens are of oriental inspiration and differ from all others. This volume comes as the first authoritative work on the subject, a revelation to artists, architects and owners of summer homes. 4 color plates, 175 illustrations in halftone and measured drawings of important gardens, all made by the authors expressly for this work. \$15.00

MORE STORIES FROM THE OPERAS

By Gladys Davidson
The popularity of Miss Davidson's "Stories from the Operas," has resulted in the demand among opera goers for the retelling of other well-known operas in story form. 16 illustrations. \$2.50

Polished Full Levant. \$5.00

LOUIS BECKE'S Famous South Sea Stories in a Uniform Edition

Louis Becke's adventurous life among pirates and pearl-divers, islanders and traders, deserters from whaleships and men-o'-war, gave his work such truth and vigor that it has outlived more recent South Sea fiction. In his books readers will find the real South Seas. The following are now published: "Pacific Tales," "By Reef and Palm and the Ebbing of the Tide," "Rodman, the Boatsteerer," and "Helen Adair." Each, \$2.00

For Girls LAUGHING LAST

By Jane Abbott
The story of Sidney Romney's adventurous summer on the boats and wharves of Provincetown. A splendid book for girls, fresh and sweet as the clean breath of the Atlantic over the Cape Cod sand dunes. Colored frontispiece, 3 illustrations in black and white. \$1.75

DORA

By Johanna Spyri, Author of "Heidi"
The charmingly simple story of a lonely little girl who finds the merriest of playmates. It is sure to be one of the most loved of the "Stories All Children Love Series"—twenty-two child favorites, beautifully bound and illustrated. 8 illustrations in color by Maria L. Kirk. \$1.50

At All Bookstores

J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO.

founded on a famous old Irish anecdote to be found in T. Crofton Croker's "Irish Fairy Legends." It was in turn probably borrowed from Ariosto.

All these stories are charmingly translated, with excellent illustrations in black-and-white and in color by the well-known English illustrator, Harry Rountree. A delightful Christmas gift book.

ONE-ACT PLAYS FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

Edited by M. A. JAGENDORF. Brentano's, 1924. \$2.

This is a group of thirteen one-act plays for children between the ages of six and fifteen. The stage settings and illustrations are by James Shute. Production rights of all the plays are strictly reserved by the authors, and applications for permission to produce should be made to them through Brentano's. Among the authors are John Farrar, Moritz Jagendorf, Helen Coale Crew, Joseph T. Shipley, etc. Mr. Jagendorf's book is the outcome of association with "The Children's Playhouse," at Peekskill, a children's theatre at the Mohegan Modern School at Peekskill. Here the children produced the plays. The opening play of this volume, indeed, "Which is Witch?" by Alice Rostetter, was given last summer at "The Childrer's Playhouse." So was Florence Crocker Comfort's "The Sing-a-Song Man." "The Garden at the Zoo," by John Farrar, is dedicated to the infant daughter of Stephen Vincent Benét, and originally appeared in "Charms." Rowe Wright's "Five Ghosts" was produced at the Mohegan Colony School, as was Jagendorf's "Bumbo and Scumbo and Blinco." A number of these plays are extremely brief; all are diverting, even though the charm at times runs rather thin. But the general idea of a children's theatre with children's fantasies enacted therein by children seems to us praiseworthy, and we wish Mr. Jagendorf's venture all success. It may yet produce a masterpiece.

PORRIDGE POETRY. By HUGH LOFTING. Stokes, 1924. \$1.25.

Hail to Mr. Lofting's latest and most jovial digression from the Doolittle "Voyages" and "Mr. Tubbs"! If this work is, as its name implies, to be an accompaniment of the nursery breakfast table, the youngsters won't eat much actual breakfast food. Creation of good nonsense is as rare as a roc's egg. Yet Mr. Lofting has the gift right on the tip of his pen. A high point is reached in the first poem, "Porridge Poetry."

*Shake in an ounce of sifted syntax,
And half a teaspoonful of tin tacks,
Then flour with eggstravaganza,
And there you have a lovely stanza.*

Other gems are "The Vegetable School," "Lulu Gubrious" and the mournful tale of "Petroleum and Turpentine." Christmas purchasers for the young will gobble up this little volume. The wonderfully grotesque illustrations add many smiles.

THE POPPY SEED CAKES. By MARGERY CLARK. Doubleday, Page, 1924. \$2.

This book for small children, illustrated brilliantly by Maud and Miska Petersham, deals with Auntie Katushka, Andrewshek and Arminka. It is a nursery book of some novelty, beautifully decorated; dog, ducks, goat, and red-topped boots enter into its simple but sprightly annals. We have seen few books for children from three to seven that are more thoroughly artistic in appearance, pictorially vivid, or jollier in simple narrative. The setting is, of course, Russian—which, however, lends the book a flavor of its own.

Children's Books

(Continued from page 380)

FIFTY NEW POEMS FOR CHILDREN. Appleton.

THE DREAM COACH. By ANNE and DILLWYN PARKISH. Macmillan.

LEGENDS OF CHARLEMAGNE. By THOMAS BULFINCH. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation.

PEACOCK PIE. By WALTER DE LA MARE. Holt.

THE NEW CHAMPLIN CYCLOPEDIA FOR YOUNG FOLKS. Holt.

WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG. By A. A. MILNE. Dutton.

NICHOLAS. By ANNE CARROLL MOORE. Putnam.

SQUIFFER. By HAL GARROTT. McBride.

THE RANGER OF THE SUSQUEHANNOCK. By REGINALD W. KAUFMAN. Penn.



A Christmas Gift
Sure of
Appreciation

"Far the most amusing and the most daring, and in some ways the most successful, of all the books Mr. Galsworthy has written. . . . The book may fairly be called a masterpiece. A fine creative gusto gives life and energy to the whole. Mr. Galsworthy's great, his supreme merit is as a story-teller. He makes you want to read on. Moreover, the note of gaiety is unforced. Surely it is a remarkable thing for an author with such a record of considerable work behind him to produce something fresher, more vital and spontaneous than he has ever produced before."

—The Saturday Review (London)

THE WHITE MONKEY

By John Galsworthy

Wherever English is read, the best novel of the fall.
Wherever English is read, the best-selling novel.

\$2.00 Everywhere

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK



Charles S. Brooks' A THREAD OF ENGLISH ROAD

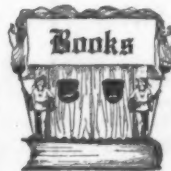
By the author of "Journeys to Bagdad,"
"Luca Sarto," etc.

Illustrated by Julia M. Flory
\$3.00

The story of a leisurely bicycle trip through the loveliest countryside in the world, with chapters on Selborne, Winchester, and Bath. Any one acquainted with Mr. Brooks' writing knows the humor and quiet beauty this volume must have. It is a book to read by the fireside while you plan your trip abroad.

"I do not know when I have run across a book so full of charm and mirth and good will. It is like a Maytime holiday to pick it up."—Charles Hanson Towne.

HARCOURT, BRACE & CO., New York



THEATRE DISTRICT BOOK SHOP and CIRCULATING LIBRARY

1650 Broadway (51st St. entrance), New York City

FIRST ANNIVERSARY SALE
NOV. 25th TO DEC. 25th

10, 20 and 30 Per Cent Discount Sale.

CURRENT BOOKS, OLD AND RARE BOOKS

Exhibition for a limited period of old playbills, pictures and books from Hildebrand's collection of the Famous Theatrical Hall of Fame



The VALLEY of VOICES

by George Marsh

Author of "The Whelps of the Wolf"

Colorful, vivid and gripping is this masterly tale of adventure, weird mystery and love in the great fur region about Hudsons Bay in Canada.

At All Bookstores, \$2.00

The Penn Publishing
Company Philadelphia

Poems

By

J. E. Spingarn

Author of "The New Hesperides and Other Poems,"
"Creative Criticism," etc.

This volume, which includes a selection from all the verse written by Mr. Spingarn during his varied career as poet and critic, scholar and rebel, soldier and politician, teacher and agitator, is the natural outpouring of a poetic mind which has been deeply moved by love, nature, and a passionate vision of America.

"The poetry that wears is likely to be the poetry which reaches out into the highways and byways of life—to which nothing is alien. This is the sort of poetry which Mr. Spingarn has written, and he has written it so quietly, so naturally, that the hasty reader or the sensation seeker may miss the vital thing about it—the personal rhythm which is heard through the metrical pattern and which is the witness of the sincerity and reality of this poetry.—Llewellyn Jones, in Chicago Evening Post.

"It is the smoothness and delicacy of the versification that takes the reader, the gift of graceful words."—London Times Literary Supplement.

"A la douceur des rythmes classiques Spingarn ajoute un tour plus sinuement moderne."—Mercure de France.

"A genuine American poet. One of the finest collections in some time."—Springfield Union.

\$2.00

HARCOURT, BRACE & CO., NEW YORK

Peacock Feathers

All the qualities that have made Temple Bailey's books loved and read by thousands, are in this new novel. It is her strongest and most fascinating story; the record of a love that will not be overcome by pride.

The Penn Publishing
Company Philadelphia



First
Printing
50,000

Jacket by
Coles
Phillips

At All
Bookstores
\$2.00

Points of View

A Suggestion

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

I was greatly pleased to see Percy Beach's letter in your issue of November 29, describing an episode that happened in his bookshop in Indianapolis.

I hope that other booksellers will follow Percy's example and put on record some of the odd and entertaining things that happen in *The Trade*. Only the other day a publisher was telling me—with an art and humor not less delicious than any of the Gentle Gaffer stories—the astounding tale of how Leo Koretz, the two-million-dollar swindler now in quod in Chicago, bought a bookstore in New York last summer.

The usual literary "organ" has a depressing way of believing that its duty to literature is done when it has discussed, in a majestic falsetto, the technical trickeries of authors. But there's a lot of fascinating human comedy in the whole book business: besides mere penhandling there's some fine rich panhandling. To the eye of the white blackbird in the treetop, the bookseller is the Life of the Party. He sees the hullabaloo with a cheerful unblinded eye, and if he would confide some of his adventures to ink we'd have material more philosophically humorous than any professional funny magazine can offer. I have never known a bookseller who wasn't all pressured up with tremulous secrecies. He needs a Safety Valve. Set aside some space every week for the Trade to blow off. In that way we may perhaps learn just as much about the curious way literature mates with life as by listening to the not always important pronouncements of solemn critics. The most exciting things are always the things that actually happen, told in their rich tissue of small circumstance. Get some of the booksellers and publishers to speak out in meeting. It'll be good medicine for authors, and will valuably regale us all. The anatomy of the book business needs a Leonardo da Vinci.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

A Correction

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

May we be allowed to call your attention to two inexact statements on Page 249 of your *Review*, November 1, 1924, concerning the "Second International Book Fair," Florence, Italy?

The "First International Book Fair" of Florence, was not inaugurated a year ago, but in summer of 1922. Further, the next Fair, viz: the second, will not be held a year from now, but in the Spring of 1925.

We take this opportunity to add that the Fair's Commissioner General in the United States is Mr. William Dana Orcutt, 333 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass. The Italian Chamber of Commerce in New York, in its turn will gladly supply all information concerning the participation in that Exhibition from the commercial point of view, as well as for the shipment of the exhibits, in order that they may reach Florence with the least expenses through regular and authorized channels and with exemption from custom duties.

Vice-President,
Italian Chamber of Commerce
in New York.

Cheap Editions

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

Certainly many school teachers and probably a good many publishers or their representatives read your *Review*. Can anything be done to bring these two sets of persons whose interests are so much alike into closer coöperation? I am particularly interested in the problem of procuring for my classes cheap but readable editions of noteworthy contemporary books. I should say that I teach in a private boarding school and that the school furnishes all the books used in the classes in return for a small annual charge. The authorities are very liberal and the library is well stocked. For example, right now I want a class of sixty to read Masefield's "Reynard the Fox." But the regular edition is rather expensive. Now are there insuperable objections in the eyes of publishers to putting out very cheap editions of such a book, expecting to reap in return enough to pay the cost of the publishing and to make their profit from the almost certain enlarging of sales of the regular edition that would follow as a result of thousands of boys and girls reading this eminently readable poem? In the same

way I now want cheap copies, enough for each student to have his own in his hands, of Noyes's "Tales of the Mermaid Tavern." (Yes, I do, and that without a blush.) Is it fear of financial loss, or some trouble about royalties, or author's pride, or absence of tradition that keeps publishing houses from the rich field of the secondary schools except in cases of ancient worthies like Shakespeare and Macaulay? I know that there are some publishers who are beginning to utilize this opportunity, but they are few. I feel sure that English teachers would jump at a chance to have their students read many of these recent books if publishers could find some way of putting out cheaper editions. My last venture was on "Far Away and Long Ago" and "Saint Joan." But while the school edition of the first is cheaper than the regular one, it is still much too expensive. Of the second there is no cheaper edition. I should be willing to use a certain number of obviously cheap, somewhat like the Haldeman-Julius books. How many copies of a ten-cent issue of "Reynard the Fox" would be necessary to cover expenses, allowing that the reading would lead to a great increase in the sales of the regular edition? Is this a fantastic thought, and if not what stands in the way of some further experiments?

CARROLL T. BROWN,
Westtown School, Westtown, Pa.

"The Apple of the Eye"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

In the *Review* of November 29, Mr. Gorham B. Munson discussed Glenway Westcott's very beautiful novel, "The Apple of the Eye." I so thoroughly share Mr. Munson's appreciation of its distinction that I should like to add a word concerning one aspect of the book neglected in his discussion of it.

Mr. Munson points out the manifest superiority of "The Apple of the Eye," as an achievement in expression, to much of our recent fiction of naturalism. But that superiority is not confined to expression alone. The importance of Mr. Westcott's novel in current American fiction is to be measured chiefly by the author's intention.

At a time when most competent American writers of fiction are content to record a merely faithful transcription of what they see before them, Mr. Westcott has reasserted the ancient distinction between nature and art. Not content with mere naturalism, he has subjected a portion of the American scene to profound imaginative reconstruction, and has thereby recast his materials in an æsthetic form. It has often been charged that much of our contemporary fiction is satiric in intention and moralistic in effect. Certainly much of the fiction of naturalism, whatever its value as an indictment of our culture and civilization, makes an exclusively documentary appeal. It has reported, not such aspects of our life as we might delight to contemplate, but usually only such aspects as might decently fill us with shame. And however valuable the moral effect, it is scarcely the effect for which we turn to art.

Mr. Westcott, working in the same materials as Mr. Dreiser and Mr. Lewis and Miss Zona Gale, has used them to far greater advantage. He has interpreted, not reported, life, and the result is an achievement in art rather than an achievement in morals or criticism. He is almost unique among contemporary American novelists in his discovery of an explicitly æsthetic significance in the common aspects of our life. The materials of beauty are constant in life; the capacity to discover them is today notably lacking in our fiction. Mr. Westcott's novel reveals this capacity, and in so doing it turns us back upon life with augmented perception and insight.

In its profound and sensitive recreation of reality, "The Apple of the Eye" ranks among the most distinguished contributions to our fiction. It stands with "Ethan Frome" and with one or two other stories as an illustration of art at work upon the American scene. In a period when so much creative effort has gone into merely facile transcription of a very superficial kind, it is to be hoped that Mr. Westcott's novel will meet the recognition which it so richly deserves. A delicately strong book, as Mr. Munson says, it is significant for the attitude which it imports into our fiction at less than for the high distinction of its actual accomplishment.

NEW YORK.

LLOYD MORRIS.

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o The Saturday Review.



LORENZO DA PONTE

Poet and Adventurer

By Joseph L. Russo

Pp. xviii + 166. 12 plates. \$2.50

The biography of the man who introduced Italian music, literature and culture to America reads like a romance, second only to that of Casanova, his contemporary and acquaintance. As Mozart's librettist Da Ponte wrote *Don Giovanni*, *Le nozze di Figaro* and *Così fan tutte*. After a tumultuous career in Venice, Vienna, Paris and London he emigrated to America, where in 1825 he presented the first Italian opera in New York and founded the first chair of Italian Literature in Columbia College.

Send for Descriptive Circular

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS

HERBERT QUICK'S
New Novel

The Invisible Woman

THE romance of a woman who made American history. A woman who, herself unseen, saw all and used her secret knowledge to achieve her ends, even by resort to legitimate blackmail.

A romance, but truer, wiser, braver, infinitely more inspiring than any history that has been written of Midland America in a turbulent day.

Crowns the splendid structure of historical romance in **VANDEMARK'S FOLLY** and **THE HAWKEYE**

Price \$2.00 Bobbs-Merrill

The Irving Press

offers its facilities to
PUBLISHERS for the
designing and print-
ing of beautiful books

The Irving Press

GILBERT T. WASHBURN
President

601 WEST 36TH ST.
Chickering 6922

**A BALANCED RATION FOR
WEEK-END READING**

**THE BEST FRENCH SHORT
STORIES OF 1923-24.** Edited by
RICHARD EATON. (Small, May-
nard.)

MUSICAL LAUGHS. By HENRY T.
FINCK. (Funk & Wagnalls.)

**THE FRUIT OF THE FAMILY
TREE.** By ALBERT EDWARD WIG-
GAM. (Bobbs-Merrill.)

G. H. H., Brooklyn, N. Y., asks for poetry-
books to read aloud to his five-year-old
grandchild.

A. MILNE'S "When We Were Very Young" (Dutton) is so irresistible that I have been carrying it about and reading it on the least encouragement. It is from the standpoint of a very small boy, whose pictures by Ernest H. Shepard (130 of them) are not the least desirable feature of the book. As for Walter de la Mare's "Peacock Pie" and "A Child's Day" (Holt) every English-speaking child should have at least the chance to find out if it is a book of his heart. There is some unusually good prose in the annual for children, "Number Two Joy Street" (Appleton) for which De la Mare is editorially responsible, along with plenty of good stories by Chesterton, Milne, Rose Fyleman and others. "Fifty New Poems for Children" (Appleton) are by British poets, nine of the poems by children; it is a book that grows on acquaintance. Hilda Conkling has made a choice from her own poems of such as she thinks children would especially like; the result is a lovely slender volume called "Silverhorn" (Stokes) with mystic imaginative designs in pale colors. The necessary "piece to speak" will be found in Grace Gage's collection of "Recitations Old and New for Boys and Girls" (Appleton) which goes from kindergarten to high school and has a brilliant preface by Christopher Morley. He declares, for instance, that life would be much enhanced if we were provided with material for "bursting on occasion into public harangue or verse," such as a magnificent for Having Caught a Train, a dirge for Losing a Job. Well, at that Coue provided a recitation for Losing a Train; one can always say *ça passe, ça passe*. Meantime the exigencies of childhood may find means of expression in this and that other treasury, "The St Nicholas Book of Verse" (Century).

M. E. N., Hilo, Hawaii, asks for the author of the famous line, "United we stand, divided we fall."

"HOYT'S New Cyclopaedia of Practical Quotations" (Funk & Wagnalls) says that John Dickinson's "Liberty Song of 1768" has the lines
*Then join in hand, brave Americans all!
By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall!*
whose date is earlier than Franklin's famous remark about hanging together or separately.

G. H. A., Boston Mass., asks for an authoritative work for a glass collector, just in time to be provided with as nearly a perfect work as the collector is likely to get, "Old Glass," by N. Hudson Moore (Stokes), carefully illustrated and covering European and early American. If prospective buyers will arm themselves with this before the proprietors of New England furniture shop, do so, they will pick up some treasures.

G. H. W., Wilmington, Del., asks for ghost stories to read aloud.

SMALL, MAYNARD have recently added a collection of "Ghost Stories," edited by Bohun Lynch, to their other "Best" annuals; it is a fine and varied set of reports from the undiscovered country. Dorothy Scarborough edited two large volumes for

Putnam, "Modern Ghost Stories" and "Humorous Ghost Stories," that I have found popular, especially with readers at the ghost-story age. "23 Stories by Twenty and Three Authors" (Appleton) comes to continue the remarkable representation of the British short story begun last season by "31 Stories" (Appleton). This volume is altogether made up of tales of the supernatural, the grim and the uncanny, and many of them would qualify under this reader's requirements. It would surprise some of the people who write to me about the necessity of taking all the scare out of stories for the young, to learn how young the ghost-story age sometimes may be. I know a robust and ingenious group of young people who on moonlit nights used to sit on the tombs of the family cemetery—it was in New England, where they have them—and tell ghost stories with the intention of scaring each other home. The only one who ran was the only sixteen-year-old; the ironclads of twelve not so much as shivered. But they would have had no interest in psychological reports; they craved action, which was the feature of the old-fashioned ghost story.

FROM the many lists of books for a child's Christmas that I have been making for correspondents I must bring two new books to attention in print: Heath Robinson, whose humorous pictures have so charmed his British and American public, has written as well as illustrated "Bill the Minder" (Doran) which has something of the droll coyness of Frank Stockton, and that means much to anyone who recalls "The Floating Prince." As for pictures, in line and in color, his motto seems to have been "more and funnier." The other is "Child Characters from Dickens" (Dutton), the best of incentives to further reading, for these are not condensation of the novels, but such scenes—told in as nearly as possible the author's own words—as introduce children, from David to Jemmy Lirriper. It seems incredible that a child should need incentives to read Dickens, but often he does. I have known a set of dialogues from his works to start a lifelong love for them.

E. P., Oklahoma, asks for information about "the American Passion Play," of which she knows as yet no more than the name.

I MUST ask the readers of the Guide for further light on this. I have read with peculiar interest the chapter in "A Gringo in Mañana Land," by Harry Foster (Dodd, Mead), which describes a religious celebration of the Yaqui Indians in which devil-

YOU ARE A WRITER. Don't you ever need help in marketing your work? I am a literary adviser. For years I read for Macmillan, then for Doran, and then I became consulting specialist to them and to Holt, Stokes, Lippincott, and others, for most of whom I have also done expert editing, helping authors to make their work saleable. Send for my circular. I am closely in touch with the market for books, short stories, articles and verses, and I have a special department for plays and motion pictures. **The Writers' Workshop, Inc.** 135 East 58th Street New York City

**DEAR
PRETENDER**

4th
Large
Printing

By Alice Ross Colver

A charming love story, delightful in its wholesomeness and simplicity.

Price \$2.00—At All Bookstores

The Penn Publishing Co., Phila.

**EVERYBODY
SHOULD GIVE
EVERYBODY**

BOOKS

Send for our Booklovers and Collectors Catalog. Visit our main store and you will find innumerable suggestions for gifts.

McDEVITT-WILSON'S FOR BOOKS
30 Church Street (Hudson Terminal) New York

**THE BEST BOOKS
FOR GIFTS**

**SARD
HARKER**

A
new
novel

by John Masefield

With jacket in colors by Anton
Otto Fisher \$2.50

"Life has been poured into the pages of this book in beautiful prose in which Masefield has caught up the clash of human passion and the loveliness and fierce beauty of nature. He has told with simple felicity an exciting and adventurous story against the most picturesque setting. It is the dream romance told as a little epic."—*New York Times*

**THE BEAUTY OF
THE PURPLE** A NEW
NOVEL

by William Stearns Davis

Author of

"A Victor of Salamis" and "God Wills It"

"The most signal achievement of its kind in the year 1924. A book so sincerely written that one moves with it as though there were no printed pages between the reader's eye and the action of the plot."—*Philadelphia North American*. \$2.50

Maria Chapdelaine

by Louis Hemon

A new edition with many full
page and marginal illustrations
by Wilfred Jones. \$2.50

A beautifully made edition of a novel which has, in the two years since its publication, taken its place with the classics of literature. For those who know the story and have it in its simpler dress, this exquisitely printed and bound edition of it will be welcome, no less than to those, if there be such, who are not as yet acquainted with the limpid prose of its hauntingly beautiful story.

William Butler Yeats

His complete works in six vol-
umes. Four volumes now pub-
lished. Each \$2.50

This is the first uniform and complete edition of the work of Mr. Yeats, Nobel prize winner in literature for 1923. The titles now ready include the following, to be supplemented by two additional ones later on.

Plays in Prose and Verse
Plays and Controversies
Later Poems
Essays

Companion Anthologies

**THE GOLDEN TREASURY OF
SONGS AND LYRICS**

by Francis T. Palgrave

New edition bound in leather,
illustrated with reproductions of
masterpieces of art. Boxed \$3.50

Perhaps the most famous anthology in the English language is here issued, handsomely bound in leather, and with beautiful reproductions of famous paintings.

**THE GOLDEN TREASURY OF
MODERN LYRICS**

Selected and Arranged
by Laurence Binyon

Cloth \$1.75
Leather Binding \$3.50

Mr. Binyon carries on the work of the original Golden Treasury through the Victorian age and up to the present day, giving examples of the representative British poets of the past hundred years.

**The Best Books for Boys
and Girls**

THE ISLAND OF THE MIGHTY

by Padraic Colum

Many pictures. Hero tales of Ancient
Britain. \$2.25

THE DREAM COACH

Written and Pictures by

Anne and Dillwyn Parrish

Unusual fairy stories. \$2.25

KAK, THE COPPER ESKIMO

by Stefansson and Irwin

Adventures with youngsters in the far
north. \$2.25

Popular Books on the Bible

THE MODERN USE OF THE BIBLE

by Harry Emerson Fosdick

Fosdick books are favorite Xmas gifts.
The new 1925 one is the one to use this
year. \$1.90

THE LITTLE CHILDREN'S BIBLE

Illustrated. 128 pages. Big print. 90c

THE OLDER CHILDREN'S BIBLE

Illustrated. 288 pages. \$1.50

The Macmillan Company

New York Chicago Atlanta Boston
Dallas San Francisco

University of Pittsburgh Studies

Now Ready

A HISTORICAL AND BIBLIOGRAPHICAL
SURVEY OF THE GERMAN RELIGIOUS DRAMA
by Maximilian J. Rudwin, Ph.D.
Assistant Professor of Modern Languages

THE FIRST COMPLETE, systematic, and
critical work in this field, Dr. Rudwin's book
will at once be recognized as indispensable to all
interested in medieval culture, folklore, church
history, and European drama in general.

Cloth, \$4.00. Paper, \$3.25. Postpaid in U. S.
and Canada

ADDRESS THE UNIVERSITY BOOKSTORE
University of Pittsburgh Pittsburgh, Pa.

Bishop Brown's Fight

A Fight for the Right to Interpret the Bible in Accordance with Science

A Fight to Break the Shackles of Outgrown Religious Creeds

A Fight Against Pulpit Hypocrisy

Bishop Brown's Fight is the popular title given to the Brief filed in the Court of Review by Joseph W. Sharts, of Dayton, Ohio, counsel for Bishop William Montgomery Brown, in the heresy trial over his booklet, *Communism and Christianity*. Date of Review hearing, January 13th, 1925. Place, Trinity Cathedral, Cleveland, Ohio.

PUBLICATIONS

Communism and Christianity, paper, 25c.

Heresy No. 1, *Before the Trial*, 25c.

Heresy No. 11, *During the Trial*, 35c.

Bishop Brown's Fight, 35c.

(This set covers the trial to January 13th, 1925, and may be had for \$1.00)

Communism and Christianity, cloth 75c.

THE BRADFORD-BROWN EDUCATIONAL COMPANY, Inc.
GALLON, OHIO

THE HAMPSHIRE BOOKSHOP

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

Our Christmas Catalog

—Send for It—

We, who are earnestly desirous of your friendship, do commend this catalog unto you. You shall assuredly find us very honest and thankful and ready to reacquite your courtesy and favour.

The Ideal Christmas Gift
How to Be Free and Happy!
Bertrand Russell's Latest Masterpiece
At all bookstores **75¢**

RAND BOOK STORE
9 E. 15th St. New York City

JUDY

By TEMPLE BAILEY

A story for girls by one of America's most popular authors.

\$1.75

The Penn Publishing Co., Phila.



AT LEADING NEWSSTANDS

15c

By Subscription \$5 a Year.
TIME, 236 EAST 39th St., NEW YORK, N. Y.

The Reader's Guide

(Continued from preceding page)

dancers picture the conflict and victory of Christ over twelve Judases—a curious and characteristic chapter for anyone who reads with avidity "The Golden Bough." Also I have read with special care and reward the parts of Mary Austin's magnificent book on the Southwest, "The Land of Journey's Ending" (Macmillan), that deal with similar religious festivals among the Indians in that part of the country. But I do not know if this is the sort of play meant by the inquirer. At any rate, Mr. Foster's book is absorbing reading, and Mrs. Austin's one that no lover of his country or its literature can afford to miss.

A GROUP of replies from readers can no longer be delayed: L. B., *Newark, N. J.*, suggests to the inquirer for a book on accidents or emergencies "Prevention of Disease and Care of the Sick," by Dr. W. G. Stimpson of the U. S. Public Health Service, Treasury Dept., Miscellaneous Pubs., 17. B. B. B., *Hueneville, Cal.*, tells the inquirer for books on the romance of South American rivers what I should have told him had it not slid out of my mind at the moment, that the best of the lot is H. M. Tomlinson's "The Sea and the Jungle" (Dutton), a trip up the Amazon. T. B., *Union College, Schenectady, N. Y.*, says that there is after all a history of the doctrine of art for art's sake: "The Genesis of the Theory of Art for Art's Sake in Germany and England," by Rose F. Egan, is in Smith College Studies in Modern Languages, vol. 2, No. 4. A correspondent suggests that I add to the list of books on debating Clarence Stratton's "Public Speaking" (Holt) and upon inspection of this recently published book I find it as practical, direct, and detailed as his standard book on "Producing in Little Theatres." Another new book on this subject is Mosher's "A Complete Course in Public Speaking" (Macmillan) which gathers two popular manuals in one volume and adds a third new section. G. R. E., *New York*, sends me a little Latin reading-book, "Julia," by Maud Reed (Macmillan), to aid in convincing S. B., *New York*, that Latin is not a dead literature. No, there is nothing even sickly about a story that on the second page jumps into sentences like these: "Ad Iuliae casam pirata venit. Rubra est piratae tunica, splendidae sunt galae et hasta . . . Subito pirata puellam in naviculum iactat." However, the pirates restore Julia to her parents and the rest of the book is the stories she learns at school. Speaking of the languages of antiquity, here is a letter from A. C. C., *Wellesley, Mass.*, about the inscription on the General Post Office in this city,

The context of that inscription (Herodotus 8:98) describes the remarkable system of couriers in the Persian empire in the days of Darius and Xerxes: "There is nothing mortal swifter than these messengers . . . and they say that as many as the days of the whole journey so many horses are stationed at intervals, a day's journey apart. These messengers neither snow nor rain nor heat nor night prevents from accomplishing the course in the shortest possible time . . . The running of the horses the Persians call *angareion*."

Now, the Persian word, taken up by later Latin and early French, applied to the stations where fresh horses were kept, has come down to our time as *hangar*. "The king's business requires haste," and men and horses and supplies could be pressed into the service. The word occurs in the Greek of the New Testament in Matthew 5:41, "Whoever shall compel (i. e. press you into service) to go a mile, go with him two." So long a course may a word run and keep its torch burning!

H. P., who teaches little children in a private school in this city asks for books on applied art, especially such as bear on the production of Christmas presents by children of assorted small sizes.

THE whole subject is treated in detail and with many pictures and suggested readings, in "Industrial Arts for Elementary Schools," a text-book by Frederic Bonser and Lois Mossman (Macmillan). There is a tiny book called "Purposeful Handwork," by Jane McKee (Macmillan), that would be a blessing to any mother and an inspiration to any child; it describes 131 articles, that can be made by little children, without complicated processes, from materials that elderly persons call rubbish and that children always see in terms of infinite possibilities, such as spools, wrapping-paper, paper boxes. I pity anyone who is not somewhat moved by the descriptions of these tools of joy. There are two John Martin books that utilize the same impulse, the popular "Something to Do," which includes a big envelope full of materials and is ideal for a child getting over a contagious disease, and "My Gifts to Give," which is cut-outs to be pasted.

The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

SALE OF DE BAS LIBRARY

THE library of the late W. J. De Bas, The Hague, Holland, containing the important ornithological writings of more than two score of the greatest authorities, was sold at the Anderson Galleries, November 25, 476 lots bringing \$15,078. The star lot was Audubon's "Birds of America," the original edition in four elephant folio volumes published in 1827-38, which sold for \$3,100 to Kennedy & Co.

A few representative lots and the prices realized were the following:

The Auk, bulletin of the Nuttall Ornithological Club, 41 vols., leather and cloth, Cambridge, 1876-1921. Long run of this famous magazine. \$182.50.

Beebe (William). "A Monograph of the Pheasants," 4 vols., folio, cloth, uncut, London, 1918-22. \$155.

Dresser and Sharpe. "A History of the Birds of Europe," etc., 8 vols. in 7, royal 4to, half cloth, uncut, London, 1871-81. A fine, scarce set. \$190.

Elliot (Daniel G.). "A Monograph of the Phasianidae, or Family of the Pheasants," 2 vols. in 6 parts, atlas folio, pictorial boards, New York, 1870-72. Rarest and finest of Elliot's works. \$120.

Gould (John). "The Birds of Australia," with supplement, 8 vols., atlas folio, morocco, London, 1848-69. Extremely rare with supplement. \$1,000.

Gould. "The Birds of Asia," 7 vols., atlas folio, morocco, London, 1850-83. Gould's finest work. \$680.

The Ibis, a magazine of general ornithology. With index of Genera and Species. 60 vols., morocco and 2 vols. in parts, London, 1859-1921. Fine set, lacking only one volume. \$412.50.

Knip (Madame). "Les Pigeons," 2 vols., folio, half morocco, Paris, 1838-43. Rare with second volume. \$275.

Levaillant (Francois). "Histoire Naturelle des Oiseaux d'Afrique," 6 vols., 4to, half morocco, Paris, 1796-1808. \$110.

Lewin (William). "The Birds of Great Britain," 7 vols. in 3, 4to, morocco, London, 1789-91. Only 60 copies issued. First to be sold at auction in America. \$75.

Lilford (Lord). "Colored Figures of

the Birds of the British Islands," 7 vols., royal 8vo, half morocco, London, 1885-97. First edition with the eight cancelled plates. \$117.50.

Malherbe (Alfred). "Monographie des Picides ou Histoire Naturelle des Picides, Picumnines, Yuncines ou Torcols," 4 vols., atlas folio, morocco, Metz, 1861-63. One of 100 copies. \$170.

Smith (Col. Charles Hamilton). A collection of 1,747 original watercolor drawings of the land and water birds of the world, made between 1795 and 1835, most of them unpublished, bound in 11 vols., large 4to, morocco. \$200.

SALE OF GABLE LIBRARY

PART V of the collection of the late William F. Gable of Altoona, Pa., the first part this season, consisting of first editions and inscribed copies of American and English authors, rare Americana, autograph letters and manuscripts, was sold at the American Art Galleries, November 24 and 25, 1,100 lots bringing \$39,623. A collection of 370 autograph letters of Bayard Taylor, the poet, undoubtedly the finest in existence and the result of forty-five years of assiduous collecting, brought \$450. The highest price, \$500, was paid for an autograph letter written by Robert Louis Stevenson, containing a mock epitaph, "Died of Neglect of His Correspondence and Consequent Conscientiousness. R. L. S." A letter written by William Williams, signer of the Declaration of Independence, brought \$400. An autograph letter by Robert Morris brought \$360, and one by George Walton, \$325. Both were signers.

NOVEMBER was a very busy month in the London auction rooms. Sotheby's was especially active. Prices generally were good. Collectors at home and abroad showed a keen interest in the rarer lots from the start, and this indicates a lively period after the New Year begins.

An important sale will be held at Sotheby's on December 15, 16 and 17, when selections from a number of consignments will be sold. These comprise a collection of the writings of Charles Dickens, including a fine set of "Pickwick Papers" in the

FOR

the friend who loves good books
the friend who would keep informed of current literature "timely and timeless"
the friend who would keep in touch with the best minds of three continents

We suggest for Christmas

The Saturday Review

OF LITERATURE

IN its unparalleled list of contributors, its reviews, its essays, The Bowling Green, Phoenix Nest, Reader's Guide, they will enjoy, with you, a full measure of good cheer the year round.

Special Christmas Rates

Note to Subscribers:

For Christmas gifts, two subscriptions may be entered for \$5.50; three for \$7.50; additional subscriptions at \$4 each. The renewal of your own subscription may be included. The special rates apply only for this season of the year and are limited to subscribers.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW,
236 East 39th Street,
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Send THE SATURDAY REVIEW for one year with my compliments

to NAME

Street

City..... State.....

to NAME

Street

City..... State.....

☐ Send me a bill on Jan. 1st.

☐ I enclose \$—in full payment.

☐ Enter (Renew) my subscription for one year.

NAME

Street

City..... State.....

vols.,
-97.
lates.

des
ides,
vols.,
One

col-
raw-
the
most
vols.,

late
the
edi-
and
graph
the
and
col-
ayard
st in
years
The
auto-
even-
ed of
conse-
letter
f the
\$400.
forris
alton,

nth in
heby's
were
nowed
in the
after

Sothe-
when
ments
ection
nclud-
is the

HA

HA

HA

HA

HA

HA

HA

HA

HA

HA

HA

HA

HA

HA

HA

HA

HA

HA

HA

HA

HA

HA

Original par
Joseph Con
notated by
ry and nat
the original
birds of
tions of
Burns's
fourteenth
sical man
corated P
aphic mat
ript of B
portant
yden, ma
me, Steve
a letter
tioning

UNCLE R
An intere
Chandl
1889, sol
lection, co
regard to
"My liter
sical. W
ture like
"Vicar
mond"; I

NEW

BA

BOOK LO
eral find p
clean, wel
books in
erature is
and intell
ed. Cata
r, 83 Foun
yvenant 13

EXCHANG
ed ones. V
il be prom
exchange, 14

HARLEM
ADISON
nited sale
sievably lo
dock.

170 CHID
25, new;
ur (just pu
d); other
urney's Bl
enne, N. Y.

SHIFFER'S
your book
heral discou
w bargain
on request

BARGAIN
TORE, 164
unbelievab
o'clock.

F

RARE BO
lers in ol
re literatur
analogues fu

FOR THE
ma Editions
anologue sent
ed St., New

ANCIENT
reeding cata
Library, mail
bookseller, St

DULAU &
5 & 36 Ma
atalogues—
books in Eng
Library. 119
67, Aviation
sation. "Du
w associate
al interest."

FIRST ED
ne condition
Photographs
nd about W
oderate price
ard Books
erington Av
errew.

original parts; a series of first editions of Joseph Conrad, the majority inscribed or annotated by the author; rare works on botany and natural history; a very fine set of the original folio edition of Audubon's "Birds of America"; a series of the first editions of Shelley; the Kilmarnock edition of Burns's "Poems," 1786; an important thirteenth century antiphonal and other musical manuscripts; and some very finely decorated Persian manuscripts. The autographic material includes the original manuscript of Burns's "Holy Willie's Prayer," important letters by William Penn and John Dryden, manuscripts of Meredith, Swinburne, Stevenson, Marie Corelli, and others, and a letter from Lord Byron to Shelley mentioning the death of the poet Keats.

UNCLE REMUS'S PREFERENCES

An interesting personal letter written by Chandler Harris to Don Piatt, January 1889, sold recently in the W. F. Gable Collection, contains the following paragraph regarding his literary preferences: "My literary tastes are primitive and provincial. Whatever gets a grip on human nature likewise gets a grip on me. I like 'Vicar of Wakefield'; I like 'Henry Remond'; I like 'Adam Bede'; I like 'A

Tale of Two Cities'; I like the 'Arabian Nights'; I like 'Monte Cristo' and 'The Three Guardsmen' series. Of those writing English, I think Thomas Hardy is the greatest living Novelist. I like Stevenson's stories, with their rattle and slambang movement. . . . I like all of Mark Twain's writings, especially 'The Prince and the Pauper.' Of Southern stories, I like 'Old Man Gilbert,' by Mrs. Bellamy, the best. You perceive that there are as many capital P's as there are books—showing that a person thus armed may be able to build himself a picket-fence with this particular pronoun. But there is a gate here, but I shall permit you to escape by signing myself. Yours faithfully."

NOTES AND COMMENT

ACCORDING to the best information obtainable, there are 169 known sets of the original folio edition of Audubon's "Birds of America" in existence.

* * *

There are fourteen letters in the name of Button Gwinnett, signer of the Declaration of Independence from the State of Georgia. His signature, in the recent Thomas sale of autographs in Philadelphia, brought \$14,000, or \$1,000 for each letter in his name.

This is by far the highest record of its kind of which we have any knowledge.

* * *

Marguerite Merrington, P. O. Box 38, Madison Square, New York, writes: "In association with the sons of the late Joseph Jefferson, I am preparing a brief evocation of the great comedian as seen through his correspondence. If any of your readers possess letters from Mr. Jefferson, I hope they will do me the favor of communicating with me."

* * *

The gift of 447 Arabic manuscripts, historical and literary, to the University of Michigan is a bibliographical event of great importance. The collection is declared to be a noteworthy addition to the resources of American scholarship, with the probability that a collection of a similar quality will never again be available. The manuscripts belonging to Abdul Hamid were sold and exported when the Young Turks came into power. The late J. Pierpont Morgan obtained an option on them, but his fatal illness intervened, and in the troubled days following the World War another purchaser could not be obtained until they came to the notice of the University of Michigan's unnamed benefactor.

IN THE HILLS

A Volume of Verse

By

Theodore Marburg

With Illustrations by J. Le Blant

A collection of unusual poems by one of America's most distinguished citizens. There are many verse forms represented and the subjects are diverse in character and treatment.

All are marked by an elevated spirit and a high degree of sensitiveness to beauty in all forms. You will find pleasure in this book of verse, as well as philosophic profit.

\$1.75 at all Booksellers

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

New York

London

WILL ROGERS' ILLITERATE DIGEST

The best selling book of humor of the year—352 pages—\$2.00

COUNTER ATTRACTIONS

NEW & OLD BOOKS :: COLLECTORS' ITEMS :: PRINTERS & BINDERS :: WRITERS' SERVICES

Single insertion rate: 4 cents a word

BARGAIN OFFERS

BOOK LOVERS, Collectors and Readers in general find pleasure in visiting our shop, where clean, well-selected and richly varied stock of books in all branches of Art, Science and Literature is offered at reasonable prices. Courteous and intelligent service. Correspondence solicited. Catalogues issued. Dauber & Pine, 83 Fourth Ave., New York. Telephone 1383.

EXCHANGE your undesired books for desired ones. Write for terms. Your book wants will be promptly attended to. Brussels Book Exchange, 149 Alabama Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

HARLEM'S BARGAIN BOOKSHOP, 1642 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. "Let's get acquainted sale" begins to-day. Books at unbelievably low prices. Open evenings to 10 o'clock.

170 CHINESE POEMS (EXQUISITE!), 125 new; Norman's Sea Narrative, Far Harbor (just published by Blue Faun), \$1.00 (special); other good things. Open evenings. Library's Blue Farm Bookshop, 29 Lexington Avenue, N. Y. C.

SHIFFER'S BRONX BOOKSTORE can fill all your book wants quickly and economically. Special discounts to Libraries and Clubs. Our bargain catalogue to be issued in January, on request. 755 Westchester Ave., N. Y. C.

BARGAINS GALORE, HARLEM'S BOOKSTORE, 1642 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. Books at unbelievably low prices. Open evenings to 10 o'clock.

RARE EDITIONS

RARE BOOK CO., 99 Nassau St., New York, dealers in old historical books, Christian Science literature, old laws, autographed letters. Catalogues furnished.

FOR THE BOOK LOVER. Rare books—Rare Editions—Books now out of print. Latest catalogue sent on request. C. Gerhardt, 25 West 4th St., New York.

ANCIENT AND MODERN BOOKS. Increasing catalogue of Books from 15th to 20th century, mailed free on application. Howes Bookeller, St. Leonards on Sea, England.

DULAU & CO., Ltd. (established 1793), 34, 35 & 36 Margaret St., London, W. I. Latest catalogues—post free on request. 121, Rare books in English Literature from a Nobleman's library. 119, Astronomy, Dialling, Meteorology, Aviation, Physics, Chemistry, and Mathematics. "Dulau & Co., Ltd., with whom one can find associates volumes of special bibliographical interest."—*The New York Times*.

FIRST EDITIONS of Modern Authors in fine condition. Books, Prints, Programmes and photographs relating to the Drama. Books by and about Walt Whitman. Good Literature at moderate prices. Monthly Catalogue issued. Oxford Books Shop, Alfred F. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Ave., at 24th St. The Sign of the Arrow.

SPECIALISTS

WE SPECIALIZE in furnishing books for fixed monthly or yearly sums to persons anywhere in the world. Suggestions for reading based on individual needs or wishes made without charge. Circular without obligation. The Arnold Company, Equitable Building, Baltimore, Md.

OLD-TIME SAILING SHIPS, PIRATES, VOYAGES, ETC. Send for illustrated circulars of our publications. Marine Research Society, Salem, Mass.

THE NORTH NODE, an Occult Book Shop, 114 East 57th St. Books on Occultism, Mysticism, Metaphysics, Astrology, The Kabbalah, The Tarot, Hermetics, Alchemy, Symbolism, The Rosicrucians, Theosophy, Comparative Religions, Ancient Civilization, Mythology, Folklore, and kindred subjects—old, rare and out-of-print, new and contemporary.

TRANSLATION SERVICE. All modern languages including Slav groups; Bulgarian, Czech-Slovak, Yugoslav, Polish, Russian, Ukrainian. English books on Slav subjects. SLAVIA, Box 336, Madison Square Station, New York City.

LISTS OF RARE LINCOLN items mailed on request. M. H. Briggs, 5113 Kimbark Ave., Chicago, Ill.

ONLY THE FORTUNATE FEW can indulge in the collection of rare, unique and curious books. Persons of cultivated tastes who would like to have access to an accumulation of limited, privately printed editions and other literary treasures hitherto available only to individual collectors, should write to Esoterika Bibliion Society, 45 West 45th St., stating occupation or profession.

FOREIGN LITERATURE

LATEST FRENCH BOOKS—85 cents each, postpaid. Rolland, L'Eté. Morand, Lewis et Irène. Escholler, La Nuit. Bordeaux, La Vie Est un Sport. Bourget, Coeur Pensif. Proust, La Prisonnière, 2 vols. Schoenhof's, 387 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

FRENCH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINES. List free. Dunbar, 1918 Rowena St., Boston, Mass.

PRINTERS AND BINDERS

GRAPHIC PRESS, 39 West 8th St., New York. High-grade printing at fair prices.

WRITERS' SERVICE

MANUSCRIPTS PERFECTLY TYPED 500 thousand words, including carbon. Rates for criticism, revision, etc., on demand. Elsa Gidlow, 447 West 23d St., New York City.

LANGUAGES

GRAMMARS AND DICTIONARIES of Oriental languages. Benj. F. Gravely, Martinsville, Va.

WORLD-ROMIC SYSTEM, MASTERKEY to all languages. Primers, \$1.94; Chinese, French, Spanish. Pronunciation-Tables, 30c. Dictionaries, \$1.98. Languages, 8 West 40th St.

MULTIGRAPHING

A COMPLETE SERVICE. Our plant is adequately equipped to take care of all your mailing requirements. Rate card on application. Manhattan Letter Co., Bible House, Astor Place. Stuyvesant 2505.

GENERAL ITEMS

BOOKS REVIEWED in this issue sent post free anywhere. Special attention to kinsprits. Greenwich Village Book Shop, 4 Christopher St., New York City. Spring 8516.

BUIST'S BOOK SEARCH SERVICE will find the book you want at the most reasonable price. No charge until the book is found. David Craig Buist, 7 Elm St., Springfield, Mass.

THE HIDDEN BOOK SHOP offers new books and personal service to downtown New York. 74 Broadway—9 New St.

CONDER'S BOOKSTORE, 65 Fifth Ave., New York. Apply for catalogue of desirable second-hand books. Books also bought.

WE CAN SUPPLY any book that is advertised or mentioned in this issue. Ginsburg's Bookshop, 1823 Pitkin Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

MODERN FIRST EDITIONS, current books of English and American fiction, poetry, drama, criticism, art, essays, can now be procured from Eugene Pell, 1203 Locust St., Philadelphia, Pa.

BENJAMIN HAUSER, 1285 Fifth Ave., New York. All books available at Harlem's only modern Bookshop. Popular fiction borrowable. Open evenings, too.

MAX N. MAISEL, 424 GRAND STREET, NEW YORK. The first bookstore in New York (Established 1893) to discern the oncoming of an American intelligentsia and to gather and carry the best collection of good books for the intellectual reader.

EVERY BOOK IN CREATION. Pratt, 161 Sixth Ave., New York.

THE VILLAGE BOOK SHELVES, 144 MacDougal St., New York, announces that books in their circulating library may be ordered by telephone or mail and they will be delivered promptly by messenger. Call Spring 5886.

WRITE TO US for any book you want and we will get it for you quickly and cheaply. The Neighborhood Book Shops, 922 Madison Ave., New York.

THE READER, a Club Bulletin, edited by Louise E. Hogan. Mentioned in the Phoenix Nest, October 11th, for sale at the F. C. Stechert Co., 126 East 28th St., and Wanamaker's N. Y. and Philadelphia stores; also through any bookstore.

WANTED—OLD DAILY and Weekly Newspapers, over 40 years old, Leslie's, N. Y. Daily Graphic, Illustrated News, early dailies and weeklies of large cities. Old scrap books, Godeys, lithographs, etc. Edwin Frost, Plainfield, N. J.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE of most interesting books in the world. Dr. French, 2407 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

CURRENT ENGLISH BOOKS. The Holiday Bookshop, 10 West 47th St., New York.

FRENCH AND GERMAN Christmas Cards and Calendars. Send for Circular. Schoenhof's, Boston, Mass.

BOOKS REVIEWED here sent post free. Israel Soifer, 1244 Clay Ave., New York City.

OVERLAND NARRATIVES, the Indians; slavery; the Civil War. Catalogs on request. The Cadmus Book Shop, 312 West 34th St., New York.

CODE BOOKS

BENSINGER CODES—When it's Cable-Codes you want, remember that Bensinger sells them for every purpose! Right in price and quality—guaranteed correct. S. R. Bensinger Co. (Est. 1887), 17 Whitehall St., New York. Cables. Multigraph. Phone: Bowling Green 6989.

BOOKS FOR WRITERS

BOOKS FOR WRITERS: And competent Editorial Assistance in the Criticism, Revision and Publication of their Work. 1001 Places to Sell Manuscripts, \$2.50; Poldi's 36 Dramatic Situations, \$1.50; Art of Inventing Characters, \$2.50; Plotting the Short Story, \$1.00; Technique of Fiction Writing, \$1.75; How to Write a Short Story, 65c. Catalogue 25 others. Manuscripts revised, typed, advice as to markets. Explanatory leaflets. Correspondence invited. James Knapp Reeve (former Editor, *The Editor*), 3 Alexander Building, Franklin, Ohio.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT books on all subjects quickly supplied at lowest cost. We also specialize in first editions, rare items, genealogies, magazines, English books, etc. No charge or obligation for this service. Announcements free. American Library Service, Dept. 326, 500 Fifth Ave., New York. Longacre 10435.

OUR OUT-OF-PRINT SERVICE searches without obligation for books, magazines, genealogies, English publications, special items, etc. Items quoted at moderate prices. National Bibliophile Service, 1270 Broadway, New York. Pennsylvania 2986.

"TELL US YOUR BOOK TROUBLES." Books out of print searched for gratuitously. Ginsburg's Bookshop, 1823 Pitkin Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.



The Book of Old Ships

By
HENRY B. CULVER
Founder of
SHIP MODEL SOCIETY



The Evolution & Romance of SHIPS

Wherein will be found drawings & descriptions of many varieties of vessels, both long and round, showing their development from the most remote times; the portraiture of their progress, their garnishment, etc.

Together with **DIVERS DISSERTATIONS** upon the *Origins of Shipping*; also sundry **APPENDICES** wherein will be discovered to the *Inquisitive* much information appertaining to the **ANCIENT Uses and Customs of the Sea** and mariners.

ILLUSTRATED

WITH OVER 60 FULL-PAGE DESIGNS OF TRIREMES, STately SPANISH GALLEONS, WEST INDIAMEN, FRIGATES AND ALL MANNER OF SHIPS, COMPILED FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES AND DRAWN IN BLACK AND WHITE AND IN COLOUR BY **GORDON GRANT**.

The *Book of Old Ships* is published only in the **FLOTILLA EDITION**, in a deluxe binding and a full quarto size, and is limited to 750 copies for sale only in this country. Each of these copies of THE **FLOTILLA EDITION** contains a special drawing signed by the artist, Gordon Grant. The *Book of Old Ships* is to be had at all good booksellers, or from the publishers. Price, per copy, \$20.

Doubleday, Page & Co.
GARDEN CITY
NEW YORK



The Phoenix Nest

WE have looked our last—alas, for some time!—on *Walter de la Mare*, who sails on Tuesday. Strange that meeting a man but twice should make us feel so regretful that he is leaving our country, but such unaffectedly friendly spirits are rare in any day and at any time. At least we are glad to have looked upon him, listened to his drollery, and had him spiderily inscribe our copy of the new *Loval Fraser* edition of "Peacock Pie," now one of our most treasured possessions. *Edna St. Vincent Millay* has terminated her tour abroad and should be back in this country by the time this paragraph is read. "The Harp Weaver" is still selling better than the average novel. The American Institute of the Graphic Arts has sent us a broad sheet from the Laboratory Press of the Carnegie Institute of Technology, designed and put in type by *Porter Garnett*. This is a memorial to *Joseph Conrad* consisting of an excerpt from his "The Fine Art," an essay, under the title "The Honour of Labour." *Marshall D. Beuick* writes us that *Norman Fitts*, that talented and courageous young man who founded *S4N*, is ill and now sojourning at the Hampshire County Sanitarium, Haydenville, Mass. Delinquent *S4Ners* may be glad to write him some item of news. *Ramon Guthrie*, whose "Trobar Clus" *Fitts* brought out, is busy preparing a new volume of poems. His "Trobar Clus" met with little intelligent appreciation, and as *Guthrie* himself has remarked anent a certain comment by one of the opposition that it was a collection of translations of old French ballades from the works of the *trouvères*:

To my knowledge I have never written or translated a ballade, am as innocent of *trouvères* as of mandarins, and have never translated from the French anything except an essay by the excellent *traicteur* *Montagné*, entitled "How to Drink Wines," a work which I hope to live to see in the hands of every school-child. I stood up manfully under hearing "Two Lands" (a poem which treats of Summer and the late *Wilbur Crofts*) hailed cavalierly as "an excellent translation from *Bertran de Born*," but next time I put out a volume it will contain fifty pages of poems and a hundred of notes—with apologies to the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. Or, by the beard of *Saint Pantaléon*!—I'll publish it as a puzzle book and thereby turn out a best seller!

Edgar Lee Masters's "The New Spoon River" has been listed at Yale as among the compulsory reading books in Freshman year. *Harold Vinal* is opening a publishing house at 3 Minetta Lane and hopes to publish verse, essays and one-act plays. He is limiting the volumes to 36 pages, thereby printing only the very best of the various authors' works. He is publishing at a cost of three hundred and twenty-five dollars to the author, but giving him on the day of publication enough copies to be autographed and sold at two dollars each by subscription to make the author a substantial profit for himself as well as paying for the volume. The first book of the Centaur Press is "The Song of the Broad-Axe" by *Walt Whitman*, with twelve original woodcuts by *Wharton Harris Etherick*. This is a limited edition of 375 numbered copies, priced at seventy-five. *Pascal Covici* is bringing out an anthology of the best verse published in the columns of two of Chicago's leading newspapers, the *Daily News* and *Evening Post*. The conductors of these columns, *Keith Preston* and *Richard Atwater*, as well as such contributors of theirs as *J. U. Nicol-*

son, *Vincent Starratt* and *Witter Bynner*, will be represented. *Thomas Selzer* has just brought out *Mark Van Doren's* poems, "Spring Thunder," with an attractive woodcut by *Charles Locke* on the title-page. *R. F. Foster*, author of "Foster on Mah-Jong," etc., etc., has concocted fifty complete Circle Word Puzzles, a variation of the Cross Word on a novel plan. *Minton Balch* administers balm in the form of a pamphlet, entitled "Answers to Quotation Puzzles," to all who are seriously wounded by their book of "Quotation Puzzles." *Vachel Lindsay* sends us a clipping from *Stoddard King's* column in the *Spokane Spokesman-Review*, to the effect that *Vachel* and *King* are the resident members of the White-for-President Marching Club of Spokane. The non-resident member is *Stephen Graham* of London, England. The *White* referred to is, of course, *William Allen*. *E. Sinclair Hertell* thinks we ought to know that *Miss Susan Ertz*, who wrote a really good book in "Marie Claire," writes him that she is at work on her next book which she hopes will be finished by the spring. And *Willard Connelly* relieves his feelings as follows:

Undergraduates have a murky idea that certain of the Harvard faculty opposed Professor *George P. Baker* (late of Harvard) because of a sort of witch-hanging animosity to the drama. . . . Thereby dangles more poetry than truth. . . .

What Prof. Baker gains in going to Yale is not so much buildings and properties, but nearness to New York. From New Haven he can put his stethoscope on Broadway. Imagine an able producer condemned to play the road for life. That was Mr. Baker's lot while he languished as far away as darkest Boston, the theatrical Sahara, eminently so in point of critics and audiences.

In sending us a card about his "A Poet's Proverbs" *Arthur Guiterman* types in under the pleasant drawing of an illustrative owl with jester's bauble in his grip:

This Owl is patently annoyed
Because he is an Earnest Boyd.

"Good as a certified check," postcards *Anley Newman*, anent one of our similes, doesn't hold in Seattle. They scoffed at mine last spring. Perhaps 'it's the climate!' "The Sins of the Fathers" and other tales resurrected by *Vincent Starratt* from the work of *George Gissing* (that should have been left to oblivion in the newspaper files) is, now we've read it, in our own opinion one of the worst volumes of short stories in existence. They're so bad they're funny! And all this in a limited edition on antique paper with type distributed. *Alice Brown's* new play, "Charles Lamb," is quite entertaining, and we are glad to meet again Messrs. *George Dyer*, *Howitt* and *Leigh Hunt*. The Neighborhood Playhouse will put on *James Joyce's* "Exiles" sometime this coming season. The last of *Harper's Magazine's* short-story competitions closes December 31st. And *J. B. Kerfoot*, of "The House with the Brick Wall, Freehold, N. J. (Antiques)" and also of much fame as a critic and book-reviewer, writes to a friend of ours that, after a year's overwork, he and Mrs. Kerfoot are getting ready to go to Europe for three months. For the last six J. B. has been getting a whale of a big book on American pewter finished, with illustrations from his own photographs of specimens in his fine pewter collection. He is the recognized authority in this field and his book is published by Houghton Mifflin. And so—you tell 'em, Comrades Dear! W. R. B.

for a big
and a little
Christmas

The Chronicles of A Great Prince

By Marguerite Bryant
Author of "The Heights,"
"Christopher Hibbault," etc.
Octavo, \$2.50

Thrilling as the *Zenda* stories and a novel of marked power, this story is based on the actual records of a famous family and a once powerful Balkan State.

"We thrill to read of rapiers, castles, the heroic course of love among courtly characters of history . . . most readers will wish that it had several volumes."—*Christian Science Monitor*.

"The fact that it is based upon truth makes the story one that gives the reader an exceptional amount of enjoyment."—*Boston Globe*.

"Scenes that are certain to hold the reader's unwavering attention."—*Saturday Review*.

"Consummate skill and powerful imagination . . . In its display of passion, character, romance and intrigue, it is comparable to *Stendahl's* 'La Chartreuse de Parme.'"—*Rochester Herald*.



THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF LUDO

The LITTLE GREEN DUCK

By JACK ROBERTS

Square, Brilliant cover, \$2.00

This charming book for little children tells of Ludo (of course his real name was Ludo vivicus), who, made vain by his phenomenal green feathers, decided he was no ordinary duck, and set out from his Noddy home to tour the world. And how he toured it! And what wonderful pictures of his adventures!

Printed and bound in Paris, in brilliant colors, and illustrated as no other book on the counters, this is the freshest and gayest of all the books for little children.

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

DUFFIELD COMPANY
211 E. 19th St. NEW YORK

Not only the season's most important volume of memoirs but a swift-moving chronicle of great adventures in every part of the world.

EVERYWHERE

The Memoirs of an Explorer

By A. HENRY SAVAGE-LANDOR

Extraordinary and lively reminiscences of an unusual, adventurous man—explorer, writer and painter—who has explored every part of the world and known personally its most famous personages.

"Charmingly written. . . . A delightful sense of humor. . . . He brings to mind many an anecdote, many a reminiscence, that it would be a misfortune to let lie buried in his own memory."—*Boston Transcript*.

In two large volumes, beautifully made and fully illustrated, boxed. \$10.00 a set at all bookshops.

443 4th Ave.

FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY

New York